

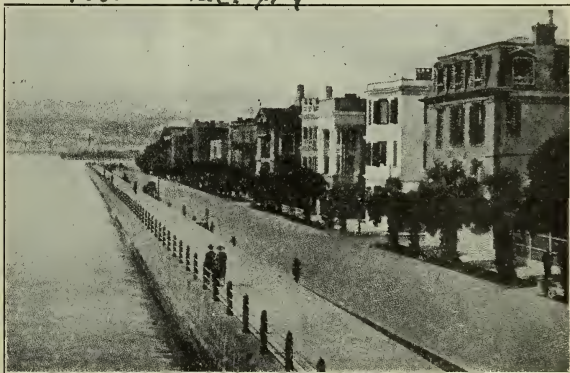
Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1927

NO. 11

Martinsburg, W. Va. 14/12
Fort Sumter 4/4/4



EAST BATTERY AND THE BAY, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The history of this old "City by the Sea" dates back to 1670, when a little band of Englishmen located on the west bank of the Ashley River, and the settlement was named Charles Town in honor of King Charles II. This was later moved to the peninsula between the Ashley and Cooper Rivers and grew into the beautiful city of Charleston, famed, among other historic associations, as the starting point of the War between the States, and which successfully resisted all efforts at capture by the Federal forces.

U. D. C. CONVENTION AT CHARLESTON.

For the benefit of those planning to attend the thirty-fourth annual convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to be held at Charleston, S. C., November 15-19, the Georgia Railroad Company, through F. L. Nelson, District Passenger Agent, 203 Healey Building, Atlanta, Ga., has sent out the information that Atlanta will be used as a point of concentration for all delegates from the States of the West, Southwest, and Central South. The natural route to Charleston for these States is through Atlanta, thence to Augusta by the Georgia Railroad, and on to Charleston by the Southern. Mr. Nelson says:

"The Georgia Railroad Stone Mountain Route will operate a U. D. C. special train from Atlanta as a section of its regular train, which will leave Atlanta at 8:00 P.M. (Central Time), Sunday, November 13, and arrive at Charleston at 9:10 A.M. (Eastern Time), Monday, November 14."

Those who plan to go to Charleston on this special should make reservations at once. Those going sooner or later than this can make reservations on regular train.

OUR BOOK: WOMEN OF THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

The publication of this book, "Women of the South in War Times," was sponsored by the United Daughters of the country for the purpose of making known to the world the heroism and self-sacrifice of Southern women during the days of war. It should be in every home of the country, and especially should it have a place in every Southern home, that the present generation may learn of those brave women who were the real strength of the Confederacy, who suffered and endured, loyal to the end. It is a revelation of patriotism unsurpassed in the annals of any country.

Get a copy at once and thus help on a good work of the organization. Price, \$2.50 postpaid. With the VETERAN, one year for \$3.50.

TO HONOR MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY.

The Matthew Fontaine Maury Association, of Richmond, Va., has the following pamphlets for sale:

1. A Sketch of Maury. By Miss Maria Blair.
 2. Matthew Fontaine Maury. By Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips.
 3. Memorials to Three Great Virginians—Lee, Jackson, Maury. By John Coke, Miller, and Morgan.
 4. Financial Prospectus.
- All four sent for \$1.00, postpaid.
Order from Mrs. E. E. Moffitt, 1014 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Va.

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Relief in seventy-seven disasters at home and twenty in foreign lands; assistance to an average of 73,000 disabled ex-service men and their dependents each month, welfare work in many fields, training of thousands of life savers and first-aid experts—all these and many other services rendered the past year are the basis upon which the Red Cross this year from Armistice Day, November 11, to Thanksgiving, November 24, will invite new membership in its ranks, to assist in making these activities even more effective in future.

Any information on the war service of A. Parker Street, who served with the 41st Tennessee Regiment, Company A, under Capt. Billie James, of Mulberry, Lincoln County, would be appreciated by his wife, who is trying to get a pension. Address Mrs. Ora M. McClusky (daughter), Fayetteville, Tenn.

MONEY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Look in that old trunk up in the garret and send me all the old envelopes up to 1880. Do not remove the stamps from the envelopes. You keep the letters. I will pay highest prices.

GEORGE HAKES,

290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A set of "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis, and annotated in the handwriting of the author. Both volumes in excellent condition. Offered to the highest bidder by December 15.

Address Cary R. Warren (acting for the owner), Adjutant Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., Portsmouth, Va.

"EASY PICKIN'S."—A machine for picking, stripping, and cleaning cotton has been made by the International Harvester Company. This will cut down the cost of production, for the "stripper," with two men, will strip five bales of cotton per day.

Confederate Veteran

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR.
SINGLE COPY, 15 CENTS.

VOL. XXXV.

NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 1927.

No. 11.

{ S. A. CUNNINGHAM
FOUNDER.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS

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REV. GILES B. COOKE, Mathews, Va. *Honorary Chaplain General for Life*

HE RODE WITH LEE.

Rev. Giles B. Cooke, last surviving member of General Lee's staff, expects to be in Charleston during the convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. He is now ninety-four years young, and active.

TO THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Greetings to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the organization of noble women who have held sacred the memory of the Confederate cause.

As the time is fast approaching for our national convention, my thoughts turn to you and my heart goes out to you in tender appreciation for your loyalty and untiring devotion. As our sainted chieftain, Jefferson Davis, said: "Whose pious ministrations to our wounded soldiers soothed the last hours of those who died far from the objects of their tenderest love, whose domestic labors contributed much to supply the wants of our defenders in the field, whose zealous faith in our cause shone as a guiding star undimmed by the darkest cloud of war, whose fortitude sustained them under all the privations to which they were subjected, whose annual tribute expresses their enduring grief, love, and reverence for our sacred dead, and whose patriotism will teach their children to emulate the deeds of our revolutionary sires."

We, as Confederate soldiers, leave to the Daughters of the Confederacy the heritage of keeping alive the history of the South.

J. C. FOSTER, *Commander in Chief, U. C. V.*

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

A place of many attractions is the old city of Charleston-by-the-Sea, which is entertaining the annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in this month of November. Its historical interest draws many visitors, as well as the beauty and charm of its setting, and members of this great confederation will find much to attract them outside of the convention. Needless to say that Charleston will be the ideal hostess, and visitors will become acquainted with those features in and out of the city which have made this a noted spot throughout the world. It is an up-to-date city, lying there between two rivers, which flow into the most beautiful bay in the world on the south front; and still guarding it, as in the days of war, are the frowning battlements of Fort Sumter.

In tribute to this great gathering of patriotic women, this number of the VETERAN is largely devoted to Charleston, and it is hoped that it will be an interesting souvenir of the city and the occasion.

Confederate Veteran.

Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

E. D. POPE, EDITOR.

GETTING READY FOR THE REUNION.

To correct the erroneous impression which seems to prevail concerning the reunion at Little Rock in 1928, that on account of the floods last spring the State would not entertain the veterans as planned, the General Chairman, Edmund R. Wiles, writes that the State and city are still anxious to entertain the gray host and there is no foundation for the report that the reunion for 1928 has been "cancelled." He writes further:

"Believing that the only way to assure success of a large undertaking of this kind is to be prepared for it long before, we have gone about the matter with this in view, and I am pleased to announce to all interested in the success of this most representative and outstanding meeting of the South that we have all committees, thirty-one in number, completed and functioning, and held the first general meeting, at which eighty per cent of the personnel was represented on Friday, October 7.

"The State of Arkansas is host to this reunion, and the city of Little Rock, the 'City of Roses,' is the city selected by the State committee for the meeting. We are looking forward with joyous anticipation to the arrival of the gray hosts and allied organizations next year. There is nothing that will be left undone to make their stay in our midst one to be remembered as long as they live. The Fair Park adjoining the city, one of the most beautiful locations to be found west of the Mississippi River, will be headquarters for the reunion. All veterans who desire it will be fed and housed in warm, dry buildings, with the best of facilities of every kind, and will be fed in mess halls adjacent, free of cost to them. If the weather should be unfavorable, it will have very little effect on the comfort and welfare of the veterans. Transportation to and from Little Rock by street cars and bus lines free of cost, will be provided. Side trips to Hot Springs, the oil fields, and other points of interest will be arranged over the railroads leading out of here. The general headquarters of the Confederate Veterans will be at the Hotel Marion, and Sons of Confederate Veterans at Hotel LaFayette. Reservations should be sent in at once, addressing all inquiries to me as General Chairman, War Memorial Building, Little Rock, Ark.

"If there was ever a State and city anxious to entertain the veterans of the Confederacy, it is the State of Arkansas and the city of Little Rock. We expect and will be disappointed if we do not have the largest gathering of Confederate veterans that has assembled at any reunion in the past six years, and we are providing for at least one thousand more than attended either the Memphis or Dallas reunion. Remember the date, May 8-11, 1928."

DIXIE IN THE NORTH.—The most thrilling moment of the National Grand Army Encampment at Grand Rapids, Mich., in September, was when Mrs. Mabel Cine suddenly appeared in a balcony and played "Dixie" on a cornet. The old boys in blue remembered the Confederate song. Could they ever forget. That the war was over was evident when the hall rocked with their cheers.—*Springfield Republican*.

"Dixie" gave them some thrills in war time too.

WHO SAID IT?

Perhaps the most notable expression connected with the great World War was that spoken at the tomb of the great friend of early America, the Marquis de LaFayette, of France, during the ceremonies held in Paris after the first arrivals of the American Expeditionary Force: "LaFayette, we are here." In this terse sentence was summed up the patriotic feeling of readiness by the American troops to pay the debt to France for the service so nobly rendered by the young French nobleman in those early days of these United States. A recent editorial in the *Nashville Banner* gave the result of an investigation to determine the authorship, which had been attributed to General Pershing as the head of the A. E. F., but the official records of the War Department at Washington gave the credit to Col. Charles E. Stanton, U. S. A., now retired and a member of the Board of Public Works of San Francisco, Calif., and those records are verified by a statement made by Colonel Stanton in response to an inquiry made by a Washington publication, in which he says:

"I am the author of this phrase, although at the time of its utterance no conception was had that it might become an oft-quoted expression. I accompanied General Pershing to France, leaving New York, May 28, 1917, and upon arrival in Paris was designated as chief disbursing officer of the American Expeditionary Forces by his order. General Pershing deputed me to make an address at the tomb of LaFayette on July 4, 1917, which I prepared and delivered on that day. The close of my peroration was as follows:

"America has joined forces with the allied powers, and what we have of blood and treasure are yours. Therefore it is with loving pride we drape the colors in tribute of respect to this citizen of your great republic and here and now in the presence of the illustrious dead, we pledge our hearts and our honor in carrying this war to successful issue. 'LaFayette, we are here.'"

"The original of this manuscript is in my possession, and no doubt General Pershing will be glad to tell you that it was I who was the orator on that occasion, and that present, among others, were Marechal Joffre, M. Painleve (then Minister of War of France), Admiral Gueaves of the American navy, a battalion of American troops under Col. W. H. Allaire, Gen. J. G. Harbord, Gen. John L. Hines, and General Pershing and staff."



CHARLESTON CENTRAL MARKET, ERECTED IN 1841.

An apparent modification of the Grecian Doric "Temple of the Wingless Victory" at Athens, and an excellent adaptation of the style. Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., occupies the Market Hall as a museum and Chapter room.

VIRGINIA'S OWN.

BY JOHN GRIMBALL WILKINS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Woodrow Wilson, like Marshal Ney's "old guard," died on the field of honor.

As one looks back over the great achievements of the Presidents of the United States, several stand out in intellect far above the others, as Mount Mitchell in the Black Mountains of North Carolina towers over the lower ranges, and one of those was Woodrow Wilson.

What a pathetic scene must have come to our late President at Versailles. Perhaps through the wide open windows of the "Hall of Mirrors" he could feel the soft sweet air blowing from across the sea, the odor of pine and honeysuckle, and could fancy the beautiful mountains that run through Dixie. Before him sat the British Premier, Lloyd George, maybe thinking of England over the Channel, the green shores of Devon and Plymouth Bay. Self-determination for little countries was of secondary consideration for this Prime Minister.

"Britania, needs no bulwarks, no towers

Along the steep, Her march is o'er the ocean wave,
Her home is on the deep."

A feeling of sociability radiated for a few days, maybe until Ireland asked for self-determination to touch Erin's Isle, then suddenly around the Peace Table, where the Prime Minister sat, the atmosphere became frosty, a chill ran through the room, as he answered: "England will look after Ireland."

And there was the "Tiger of France," a crafty old diplomat. He may have dreamed too—but he did not—of the lonely rock out in the South Atlantic Ocean, and a little man hardly five feet five, standing on a perpendicular cliff, below, in the inlet, the sea beating in on the hard sands; the white sail of a ship tacking on and on, the sunlight touching her tall mast; by his side was a friend, Marshall Bertrand, who followed the "Little Corporal" in exile—Napoleon at St. Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe, the cowardly governor of the terrible, rocky island, a beast incarnate.

And then the scene could have rapidly changed to England—the great William Pitt, sick on his couch, out of heart, for news had just come to him of the battle of Austerlitz. "Hang the map of Europe up on the wall; it will not be wanted these ten years." Wilberforce said: "Austerlitz killed Pitt."

What an awful atmosphere this Virginian found himself in at Paris; yet his beautiful ideals never left him. He was the man the entire world was watching. The other statesmen were playing the game of diplomacy, Woodrow Wilson was playing the game of unselfish humanity; he was the wonderful intellect of the "Big Four," a great lighthouse of hope on a shore of jealousies. America wanted nothing but justice—no extended territory, no money remunerations—can you wonder why small countries looked to Woodrow Wilson, the President of the greatest government on earth?

"How can a man die better than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?"

Virginia, what a romance clings to that name, like the jessamine vine clings to the bushes away down South. The story of what is glorious in Dixie radiates from the old commonwealth of Virginia, and great names stand out like the tall pines in the forest where the winds blow so softly.

We can see in fancy Robert E. Lee, riding old Traveller about the beautiful roads near Lexington; Stonewall Jackson wounded at Chancellorsville, soon to cross the river and to

"rest under the shade of the trees"; Thomas Jefferson, as a boy, maybe dreaming of the letter he will write some day to King George of England demanding "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Woodrow Wilson should be sleeping in Virginia. The South should be his final resting place, for here the skies seem bluer than across the Potomac in Washington, and, again, Virginia was his birthplace.

FROM THE DAILY MAIL.

The feeling of appreciation for such a publication as the *VETERAN* is expressed by many of its patrons, some of whom are renewing subscription well in advance. From a few of these letters some notes are taken as most expressive of that feeling:

Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., renews into 1929, and sends "congratulations upon the able editing of our beloved periodical, which comes to me like a benison. I watch for its monthly coming with interest and enjoy every line of it. Even though nearly three-fourths of a century have passed since we stacked arms at Greensboro under the illustrious and grand old hero, Joseph E. Johnston, you get very graphic and interesting accounts of battles, the memory of which, while slipping, is still appealing, taking us back to the days of brave deeds and knightly bearing, which often marked the humblest soldier. The survival of the *VETERAN* through these long years is a tribute to its management, as well as the devotion of its readers. It is a pity that it does not visit every home, especially in the South, and it might be beneficial in colder climes. In attending the reunion at Vicksburg, I shall try to stir up more interest among the remnant of veterans, for it is a periodical they should all take."

As an expression of his appreciation of the *VETERAN*, Gen R. A. Sneed, of Oklahoma City, in addition to his own renewal order, has subscribed for his three sons, and he writes: "I was a personal friend of the founder of the *VETERAN*, Mr. Cunningham, and have been a patron of it from the first issue, and I expect to read its pages as long as I live. In fact, I look forward to its coming as a boy for his Santa Claus."

Mrs. Daniel Carroll, of Columbus, Ohio, remits \$7.50 for five years renewal to the *VETERAN*, which carries her to the end of 1932, and she says, "I could not imagine a month that did not bring the beloved *VETERAN*," and she signs as "An Old Virginian."



AN OLD PLANTATION GATEWAY, SOUTH CAROLINA.

CHARLESTON.

They tell me she is beautiful, my city,
That she is colorful and quaint, alone
Among the cities. But I, I who have known
Her tenderness, her courage, and her pity,
Have felt her forces mold me, mind and bone,
Life after 'life, up from her first beginning,
How can I think of her in wood and stone?
Her gardens, and her dim old faded ways,
Her laughter, and her happy, drifting hours,
Glad, spendthrift April, squandering her flowers;
The sharp, still wonder of her autumn days;
Her chimes that shimmer from St. Michael's steeple
Across the deep maturity of June,
Like sunlight slanting over open water
Under a high blue listless afternoon.
But when the dusk is deep upon the harbor,
She finds me where her rivers meet and speak;
And while the constellations bide the silence
High over head, her cheek is on my cheek.
I know her in the thrill behind the dark,
When sleep buries all her silent thoroughfares.
She is the glamor in the quiet park
That kindles simple things like grass and trees,
Wistful and wanton as her sea-born airs,
Bringer of dim, rich, age-old memories.
Out on the gloom-deep water, when the nights
Are choked with fog, and perilous and blind,
She is the faith that finds the calling lights,
Hers is the stifled voice of harbor bells
Muffled and broken by the mist and wind.
Hers are the eyes through which I look on life
And find it brave and splendid. And the stir
Of hidden music shaping all my songs,
And these my songs, my all, belong to her.

—DuBose Heyward, in *Carolina Chansons*.

THE CHARM THAT IS CHARLESTON.

BY MRS. JULIA PORCHER WICKHAM, LORRAINE, VA.

Charm is an absolutely indefinable quality. It is like the wind which goeth about as it listeth, choosing its own favorites, it endows them with a fascinating quality, which all men envy, but none can copy. Some places and people have this quality, and others have not, but the reason why is not known unto man.

Charleston, S. C., undoubtedly possesses this peculiar characteristic of charm, but just exactly in what it consists, it is difficult to say. It has, of course, old houses, built in many curious fashions; it has quaint, irregular streets, that turn and twist in unexpected ways; it has rivers which flow by on every side; also a beautiful bay with the ocean beyond.

It is ringed around with waters, unlike paradise, where there shall be no sea. In addition to these charms, it has the whiteness and life of an almost tropical sun, for sunshine does mean gayety of a sort, in contrast to the gloomy, dull skies of more northern climates; and it has ever-blooming flowers.

Again, and besides all these things, Charleston possesses a varied and interesting history, and a brave people, who have lived through every kind of trial and adversity with strong, staunch hearts, and have come out again uncomplainingly into the light of peace.

The thirty-fourth annual convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy meets, in this month of November, 1927, in in this famous old town. It is partly to attract the

notice of its members and their friends to the interesting place in which they will find themselves that this paper is being written. It does not pretend to be either historical or critical, or to be an exact account of anything. It is only a bird's-eye view taken for the sake of the visitors who are coming from every part of our widely spread country. These visitors will be the guests of the city for a short time only, and will be very much occupied even then; but they do not want, I am sure, to go away without some more definite impressions than just the streets, the sessions of the convention, and the Battery. If they know what to look for, they may pick up many other ideas very quickly.

Charleston, as many people know, was settled principally by the English and the French, with probably a predominance of the former race. In fact, the history books tell us that for a long time there was a strong sense of superiority felt by the British over the French settlers; but that is the sort of feeling that the English generally have with other races, and was gradually outgrown, the French gaining equal political and civil rights.

Both nationalities left their mark on the architecture of the town, as was quite natural. Anyone can see, who goes much about in it, that there are two distinct styles of architecture in the dwelling houses of Charleston; and yet, strangely enough, this interesting fact has been very little commented on in the books that have been written on this subject. One very individual style of house is the broad, double-front English mansion (like the famous Pringle house, for example), built of solid brick. These buildings are to be found in most parts of the town, but especially, I think, on Legare Street. If you enter one of these houses you will find yourself in a wide hall, with a broad, handsome stairway going up either in the middle or on one side of it. These stairways vary greatly, and are a very marked characteristic of this style of dwelling. On the first floor are the rooms occupied informally by the family, but up the stairway are the reception rooms—the parlor, library, and, often, dining room, though this is generally on the first floor, I believe. The bed rooms are on the third floor, and if the poor, unfortunate occupants want a pocket handkerchief which they have forgotten, they have to climb two flights of steps to get it. This is a most inconvenient kind of house for the present-day housekeeper, whose servants are often few and far between. I have known excellent servants lost to their much-disturbed mistresses only because "they just couldn't stand those steps."

No one who has read English novels but will recognize that this is a thoroughly English type of house. In these books the entertainments are always described as being "up the stairs," on the second floor, and the guests are constantly meeting and passing one another as they go up and down. In weddings, these stairways are all important as a setting for the bridal party.

The second and most familiar type of Charleston house is one which turns its gable end to the street; is entered, not into the house itself, but by a side door into the "piazza," as the natives call it. These long verandas, which are generally two stories, run the whole length of the side of the house, and open almost invariably into a flower garden and into a back yard; where, in the old days, there would generally be a carriage house and a stable; now there are garages to be found almost everywhere, even in the simplest establishments. This I believe to be a French type of house (it is certainly not English), as the following story, I think, proves, though I am fully prepared to have the fact contradicted. Several years before the late World War, a Charleston woman was one day walking in the town of Coutance, in Nor-

mandy. As she went along through the streets, she became gradually conscious of a peculiarly "at home" feeling, though she knew she had never been in the place before that day. Waking up out of the dreamy mood in which she had been indulging, she looked around her and exclaimed to herself: "Why, it is like Charleston, of course!"

And there it all was! The white stucco houses with side walls turned to the street; the small gardens running along the sides, flowers and whiteness everywhere. Later she came to know larger houses, which were surrounded by high walls, shutting in small gardens, where the family often took their afternoon coffee (never tea—in France they know nothing of tea making) at small iron tables, surrounded by iron chairs. The French are an eminently reserved people. They live out in the open often for their meals, frequently for their business, but their houses are for themselves; strangers are not readily, I think, admitted to their inner lives; and no one who knows Charleston can fail to recognize how peculiarly true this is also of her people. There is much to be said on this point, but I cannot stop to discuss it here.

There is another type of dwelling house in France of which there are some examples in Charleston, and that is one which has a door in the middle, almost flush with the street. This door opens into a narrow hall, with rooms on each side, but passing straight through to a garden or small park at the back, in which, as a French authoress wrote the woman from South Carolina, "in your garden blackbirds, chaffinches warble," and they did—in her garden! This small spot was so wonderfully arranged that it gave a feeling of almost mysterious space and depth; one felt that there were hidden corners and paths in it, and it was as lonely and retired, there in the heart of a bristling city like de Maus, as if it had been in the heart of the country.

And there are places just like this in the city of Charleston, as that book by a native author, Mr. Herbert Sass, proves. It is called "A Naturalist in a City Garden," and tells of birds and even animals which found their way there. And so, one Charleston woman, at least, came to think in France that she had discovered a hint, if nothing more, of the origin of the architecture of her native city. And is it not quite natural that it should be partly French? Were not many of the settlers



A CHARLESTON STAIRWAY

French, and so why should they not have built their houses in this strange new land as far as they could like those in their own country? It is only reasonable to think they would do so, is it not? In fact, the probabilities are that, originally, there were many such traces of the French influence to be found in this far-off American town, but it has had, in the course of its eventful history, four disastrous fires in which, of course, much of interest and beauty have been forever lost to our knowledge.

Your impression of Charleston will depend, of course, on the season of the year in which you are there. It is lovely in the fall months, with late roses and other flowers lingering in the gardens; it is adorable on a bright, sunny winter's day, with just enough snap in the air to make you want to walk from the Battery up to Line Street; it is absolutely enchanting in the spring when quantities of gorgeous flowers are in bloom; but in summer it is very hot. Then every one who can go gets away with great promptitude. In recent years there have been many real estate developments on the beaches near Charleston, and now its inhabitants can easily reach cool breezes and sea baths after only a short ride, and return to their homes the same night, if they so wish.

The Charleston gardens are, of course, celebrated. There are lovely ones to be found in the town itself, many, however, hidden behind high walls and houses. The ones best known are those on the Ashley River, some miles outside in the country. For masses of gorgeous color, I doubt if they are equalled anywhere in the world, certainly not excelled. Magnolia Gardens, which are a part of the original Drayton Hall estate, were the creation of the Rev. William Drayton. This gentleman, when a very young man, somewhere in the middle of the last century, was told



BRICK MANSION WITH IRON WORK GATEWAY LEADING TO GARDEN, CHARLESTON.

by his doctor, that the only way to save himself from incipient lung trouble was to live, as far as possible, out in the open air. From that time on, Mr. Drayton devoted himself to horticulture (and, incidentally, lived to be an old man), and the present gardens are the result of his labors. They now belong to his daughter, Mrs. Hastie. I do not like to seem to exaggerate, but I have been told that sometimes as many as two thousand persons will visit them on a fine spring afternoon. They come to see the flowers, but they remain to look at the fairy-like beauty of the trees, hanging over winding streams of water, in which the varied and marvellous coloring of the flowers is reflected. The walks are lined with azaleas, rhododendron and roses in enough different varieties of shades to drive a painter mad, and overhanging them all are great sprays of the simple white Cherokee rose, one of the most loved of all roses to the true lover of that flower.

Middleton Place Gardens are a few miles farther up the Ashley River, on the same road. It is a splendid estate, originally owned by the Middleton family, but has, in the last few years, been inherited by Mr. Pringle Smith, of Charleston, who spends, practically, his whole time in having them kept in absolute perfection. Here the landscape gardening, with wide open spaces going down to the Ashley River, of which there are lovely views everywhere, is the great feature, but there are also many historic associations connected with the place, dating back to pre-Revolutionary days. The flowers are indescribably beautiful, which is about all that can be said.

One wing of the old Tudor mansion is still standing, and is occupied by Mr. Smith and his family, but the rest of the house, all but its marble steps, was destroyed by the Federals on one of their raids around Charleston.

Still farther up the river is the town of Summerville, whose inhabitants seem to delight in showing what they can do in the horticultural line. There, wisteria vines in the spring hang their purple clusters from pine tree tops one hundred feet above the ground, and in the "yards" are masses of azalea bushes of every conceivable color and shade, from flaming red to the most brilliant yellow. For a gorgeous feast of color, I do not know a greater pleasure than a seat on a Summerville piazza of a fine spring afternoon, with, in front of you, a great bush of azaleas in full bloom with the sun shining over it. Heaven pity a poor color-blind person then!

One peculiarity of Charleston is that there is no one section

in which "all the best people live," though the fashionable part of town is undoubtedly below Broad Street. Still, it is quite possible for you to know people who live above it. In the old days the whole place was divided into "boroughs" by the English settlers, and these designations are still used by the politicians and the old inhabitants. If you ask one of the latter, for example, where St. Paul's Church is, he will tell you it is in "Radcliffe Borough." There is a fine old building, locally known as the "Old Ward House" (occupied many years ago, though he did not build it, by Mr. Joshua Ward, introducer to the world of Georgetown rice), which stands in the far northeastern side of town, overlooking the Cooper River. It is now used as a hotel for respectable negroes, and fills a need that was much felt by that race before it was so occupied. Not far from it is the Governor Aiken Mansion, standing in lonely splendor in its own park on Aiken's Row. It has been apparently untouched by wars or fires and is said to be filled with wonderful old mahogany furniture, and in the reception rooms are mirrors which almost cover the walls and reach from floor to ceiling. These are only two out of many such buildings scattered widely through the town, and the reason why goes far back into the history of the State. The planters in pre-war days, in fact in far-off anti-Revolutionary times, were a class unto themselves—small barons in their way. Driven each year from their plantations, when the hot weather came, by the dread country fever—a veritable rattlesnake among fevers—which bit and killed without warning, great family retinues were moved for safety to town, where the planters built these large mansions to hold their belongings, placing them apparently in any part of the town which suited their fancy. They add greatly to the variety and interest of the streets of the old city, and are much studied by the architects of the present day. This they have taken great pains to show in the first volume of the "Octagon Library of Early American Architecture," a splendid book just off the press and devoted exclusively to the architecture of Charleston. It is edited by Messrs. Simons and Lapham, of Charleston, with a foreword by the late Samuel Gaillard Stoney, of the same place. To this work may be referred anyone who wants to know all that can be told about the architecture of this South Carolina town.

Charleston has also, in the last few years, waked up out of a sleep of centuries and gone hard to work improving her roads. In the old days you took your choice between the



CHARLESTON HOUSE WITH GARDEN AT THE BACK



TYPICAL CHARLESTON HOUSE, WITH SIDE PIAZZAS.



OLD GARDEN GATE.

shell and the mud roads, and it is hard to say which was the worse. Now there are hard-finished roads leading many miles into the country. Long sections of them are lined, often on both sides, with tall, moss-hung trees—lovely to drive under on a sunny day. Access to these roads is given by two bridges, built in the last six or seven years, which are remarkable examples of bridge building skill. One of these bridges passes over the Ashley River, into St. Andrew's Parish, in which is still standing the old Colonial church of that name. This building is in good preservation and is used for worship by the Episcopal Church of the diocese. St. Andrew's County is a great truck-growing section, and is planted for miles and miles in various vegetables, which are shipped in carloads to all parts of the country.

The other bridge is a triumph of engineering skill, which has to be seen to be appreciated. It takes the traveler over what used to be called "the death trap." This was a particularly dangerous spot where several railroad tracks met, and where numerous accidents took place in the past. Now the road is carried up a gentle incline, high in the air, over the dangerous trains and their tracks. From the middle of the bridge one gets a beautiful view of the city, shining white and glistening in the sunlight, with its two rivers like gleaming threads of light, on the right hand and on the left. This road leads through Berkely country, famous in the annals of the Revolutionary War, where Gen. Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox," made his celebrated raids against the British. Now, however, the tourist only rushes through it on fast trains, without a thought in his mind of the past and its history.

Taking our way back into the center of town again, let me recommend to the above-mentioned tourist, if he cares for such things, to stop over a day or so and see the gardens on Rutledge Avenue as they look in winter. They glow with the red of the japonica flowers and the beautiful poinsettias, violets often perfume the air for blocks—and in springtime

they are fragrant with yellow jessamine. There is no question of the fact that Charleston becomes always associated in the minds of those who love her with bright sun, lovely fresh air, and the sweet smell of flowers—and can anything be more charming than those three things?

It is not a commercial town, with rectangular streets on which hordes of "cliff dwellers" live in "flats," in which they know no privacy. Each householder in this fortunate place can raise chickens and children, if he wants to, in his own yard and piazza—and that is a real privilege, especially in a hot climate. There is no monotony about the streets, at least, to the observant eye—though there are plenty of plain, rather shabby ones; but each, if you will look for it, will show some diversity of design in houses and gardens.

I know of a recent woman visitor, a returned wanderer, who had only a short time to revisit old familiar scenes. She drove up each morning with a relative to the Charleston Museum on Rutledge Avenue (the oldest in the country, who ever may say to the contrary). After lingering in that most interesting building for a while, the visitor would slowly return to her downtown domicile, choosing a different street each day for her walk, during which she would invariably discover new "old houses" to study and to ponder over, or new gardens in which each owner seemed to try to develop some especial flower as her own particular pride. One day her wanderings took her down a side street, where she found a neglected, overgrown churchyard, in which, however, she had the thrill of seeing the graves of certain long-dead old friends of her youth. For quite a while this now mature woman stood there and gazed at those graves, while time went back with a rush to the days when the world seemed young and gay and life had no problems.

I have, as I see, said nothing of Charleston people, or society, or of the Churches there, but you would hardly expect me to cover every phase of a city's life in one short magazine article, would you?

MIGRATORY BIRDS.

BY CHARLES BLEVINS DAVIS.

A flurry of snow
'Gainst the window pane
 Beckons that winter is nigh,
As the geese in their gray-line wedge
 Stream across the leaden sky.

The pale blue smoke,
From the hickory logs
 Bounds up the chimney black,
To get its first glimpse of a chilling world—
 Then fades in the ether track.

The leaves all shudder,
And lie on the ground,
 The trees stand stark and cold;
Waning moons and dim-faded stars
 Of Proserpina's going have told.

That gray-line wedge, now far from sight,
Is seeking a warmer clime,
To preen fine feathers on reedy lakes,
And cast cool shadows at twilight time.

A flurry of snow
'Gainst the window pane
 Beckons that winter is nigh.
'Tis Jupiter's trick—for in other lands
 Lily buds float 'neath a starlit sky.

COLONIAL CHURCH OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY MISS MARY B. POPPENHEIM, CHARLESTON, S. C.

About sixteen miles from Charleston, over a concrete road, once the old State Road, set back in a grove of fine old trees draped with mysterious gray moss, may be found one of the oldest and most interesting colonial churches in the United States, so worth while a tourist sight as a sacred shrine that Baedeker, in his guide of the United States, gives it a star among the places of interest to be seen in South Carolina. Such is the church of St. James, Goose Creek.

In colonial days, when the surrounding country was populated by rich planters and the old landgraves with their thousands of acres granted to them by the British crown, this old church was filled each Sunday to its fullest capacity, while the coaches and fours with their livered servants and gay outriders made the surrounding grove an animated scene. To-day, once a year, on the first Sunday after Easter, there is held a regular service in this old church, in order that the rights and titles of the old parish may be preserved and the vestry continued, and the attendance at these services from Charleston and from miles around is indicative of the place this ancient shrine holds in the estimation of all South Carolina.

The parish of St. James, Goose Creek, was established by act of the Assembly of the Province of Carolina in 1706 and by a gift of one hundred acres of land; one acre for the church, and the rest for a parsonage and the use of the minister.

The first church was built of wood, in 1714 the present brick building was erected on the site of the first wooden church. This parish was served by missionaries sent over by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts for many years, and the tympanum over the west door shows the seal of that ancient British Society, "The pelican feeding her young." Because there was no bishop in the province when the church was finished, it was not consecrated until 1845. In 1717, the two lower pews in the middle aisle were set aside for the use of the wardens and the vestry forever.

The building is of brick, fifty feet long by forty feet wide, with thirteen arched windows, whose keystones are each ornamented with cherubs' heads. Over the main entrance are five-flaming hearts. There are twenty-four high pews with closing doors, a flagstone aisle, and a gallery for the slaves over the main entrance. The tall pulpit is reached by a winding stair, and a huge sounding board is suspended over it. This, with a reading desk and a communion table, stands within the chancel rail. Back of the chancel four Corinthian pilasters support the royal arms of Great Britain, made in stucco, brilliantly colored in red, yellow, and blue. The arms are those of the times of the Georges, as they show the White Horse of the House of Hanover and are said to have saved the church from desecration by the British during the Revolution. Below the arms an open book is supported by two pink-cheeked cherubs, and various marble memorials of the early gentry of the parish ornament the walls of the building.

In 1758, the two marble tablets in the chancel, bearing the decalogue, the Lord's Prayer, and the Apostles' Creed, were presented by Mr. Middleton. In front of the gallery hangs a hatchment bearing the arms of the Izard family and said to be one of the only two hatchments in America. According to an old English custom, these hatchments were borne in front of the coffin of the head of a family and after the funeral were hung on the walls of the church. The communion silver—a tankard, a paten and chalice—were lost in the War between the States, as were also lost many of the valuable records of the Church.



OLD ST. JAMES EPISCOPAL CHURCH, KNOWN LOCALLY AS THE "GOOSE CREEK CHURCH."

This parish has a remarkable record for its educational work in the province. In 1710, it established a parish school; one of its early rectors, Mr. Ludlam, left his entire estate of two thousand pounds for the maintenance of this parish school. The school was housed in a brick building and was maintained until 1860, at which time the "Ludlam Fund" amounted to eighteen thousand dollars. In 1851, 4,605 acres in Milam Land District, Texas, were given by Gen. Bernard Bee as payment for \$3,379 which he had borrowed from the "Ludlam Fund." Because of the disorders following the War between the States, and with many legal delays, after paying half of what was realized to a legal firm in Galveston in 1882, the vestry realized five thousand dollars from this transaction, and this money is in the Ludlam Fund to-day, the interest from this old fund being still used for the education of the descendants of the old parishioners.

In April, 1906, on the two hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the parish, a tablet was unveiled in the church to the memory of this Mr. Ludlam who left such a perpetual memorial in the parish.

Many interesting traditions are connected with the old church. "Mad Archy" Campbell was married here; here during the Revolution, when a minister prayed for the king, there was no response until a deep voice said: "Good Lord, deliver us." Another clergyman was warned that if he prayed for the king a prayer book would be thrown at his head; he made the prayer, the threat was carried out, and the clergyman refused to hold another service in the church.

The earthquake of 1886 damaged the Church greatly, but its friends rallied to its assistance and to-day it stands in perfect repair, "a memory of the days departed."

By invitation of the present vestry of the church, there has been arranged a special service in this historic edifice for the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the afternoon of November 20, 1927, at which time the Rev. Albert Thomes, rector of St. Michael's Church and a descendant of one of the colonial rectors of St. James, Goose Creek, will conduct the service.

I wonder if the bells ring now, as in the days of old,
From the solemn star-crowned tower with the glittering cross of gold.

The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shining bosom swells
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St. Michael's bells.

—Frank L. Stanton.

THE CHURCH OF THE THREE PRESIDENTS GENERAL.

BY S. CARY BECKWITH, RECTOR PARISH OF ST. PHILIP.

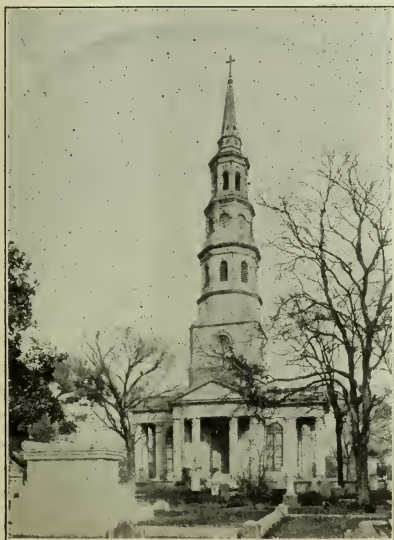
St. Philip's Church, Charleston, S. C., where the opening services of the U. D. C. convention will be held, has been known by many titles. In the days when South Carolina was a Royal Province, it was called The Church, The Church of England, the Parish of St. Philip, and, later, the Old Church, The Church of the Beacon, The Westminster Abbey of South Carolina.

In these latter days, however, we think of this old Mother Parish of South Carolina in terms of Southern womanhood, in terms of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as the Church of our three Presidents General, for three of your Presidents General—Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Miss Mary B. Poppenheim, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton—are active members of this historic parish. We, therefore, consider that we can extend to you, Daughters of the Confederacy, not only a cordial but a unique welcome in which they, your devoted officers, join the rector most heartily.

Thinking that you would like to know something of the church in which your opening service will be held, they have asked me to sketch its story for you.

When the Royal Province of Carolina was planned, the Lords Proprietors made provision for the Established Church. "With the settlement of Charleston was built (1681) a church, 'large and stately,' of black cypress wood at the 'southeast corner of Church (now Meeting) and Cooper (now Broad) Streets,' where St. Michael's now stands."

It is interesting to note that when the congregation, having outgrown this building, moved, in 1723, to the site of the present church, they took the name of the streets with them! Whereupon, the old street was called "Meeting House Street,"



OLD ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH AND A PART OF THE HISTORIC CHURCHYARD.

after the Congregational Meeting House, which is known today, after years of fine service, as the Circular Church.

This second St. Philip's, we are told by Rev. Charles Woodmason, was modeled after the Jesuit's Church at Antwerp. Spacious indeed it was and in time adorned by monumental sculpture by some of England's first artists, whose epitaphs told not alone the virtues of the lives they commemorated, but revealed as well the story of a people's progress in the years leading to our nation's birth.

In this Old Church was the governor's pew, and here Washington, on his presidential tour, attended morning service.

In 1796, during a fire which destroyed the old Huguenot Church, the steeple caught from flying sparks. The negro slave who extinguished it was bought by the vestry and given his freedom. This incident was poetized by Miss Stansbury under the caption, "How the Slave Saved St. Michael's," which sacred edifice has been fortunate enough to escape damage in the several fires that have destroyed many noble buildings.

Later, however, this second St. Philip's was burned in the fire of February 14, 1835. The loss of this "hallowed link between the past and the present, with its monumental memorials of the beloved and honored dead," was irreparable.

In building the present and third St. Philip's, the architect, Mr. J. Hyde, followed the exterior lines of the old church with its three porticos, but chose for his motif in the interior the lighter lines of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London, which, as you know, was designed by James Gibbs, a pupil of Sir Christopher Wren. It was opened for service May 3, 1838, and consecrated by Bishop Bowen November 9, 1838.

Its architectural beauty I shall not describe, as you will enjoy that with us in November, but some incidents must be stressed.

On the death of Calhoun, Charleston, as the chief metropolis of the State, asked that his body be buried here, and, because of "the close historic connection of the Church with the commonwealth of which Calhoun was the greatest product, St. Philip's churchyard was chosen as his final resting place."

On the stirring scenes leading to the War between the States I need not dwell. The Old Church gave her full quota to the Confederacy, and the names on the tablet to her dead tell the richness of her sacrifice. Her chime of bells was given to the Confederacy to be made into cannon early in the war.

McCrady tells us that during the War between the States "the steeples of St. Philip's and St. Michael's, the most conspicuous objects in the city from a distance, served as targets for the great guns with which the city was bombarded. St. Philip's suffered particularly. Ten or more shells entered its walls. The chancel was destroyed, the roof pierced in several places, the organ demolished."

"It was during this time," McCrady tells us, "that the rector, the Rev. W. B. W. Howe, so endeared himself to the congregation and to the community at large," and after the evacuation, when he was directed by the Federal authorities to pray for the President of the United States, "his allegiance to the Confederate government forbid, and like one of his predecessors in the rectorship of St. Philip's, and also in bishopric of the diocese, he was banished from the city. Bishop Smith was banished from the city for refusing to use the prayer for the King of England; Bishop Howe was banished for refusing to use the prayer for the President of the United States."

The damage of war was scarcely obliterated when, in the earthquake of 1886, St. Philip's suffered even greater loss,

but, with a courage that has ever marked those by whom high standards and ideas are rightly esteemed, the congregation restored the fabric without and within to its original form and beauty. In 1921, after lightning had destroyed the old chancel, the present choir and chancel were added.

Space does not permit to tell of the service and social work done by the parish, but we must tell you that after the war, Bishop Howe secured and opened the building south of the church as a Home for Ladies "who had been deprived of support by the disastrous outcome of the recent War between the States." Here live a number of ladies of the congregation, each in her own apartment, her home.

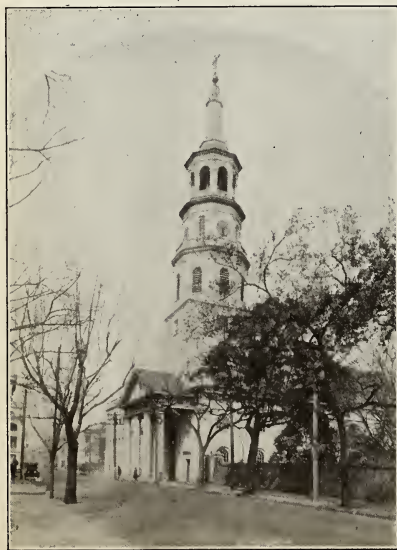
On the north side of the church is the playground, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon McCabe as a memorial to their daughter, where hundreds of little children have spent many happy hours.

While you are here opportunity will be given those interested to see the old communion silver.

This old church, with its long relation to province, colony, and State, was closely united for many years with the U. S. Government—from June 24, 1893, to July 31, 1915, and again in 1921, while a beacon light was in the steeple to guide mariners in conjunction with the Fort Sumter Light across the bar into the safety of our wonderful harbor.

This was happily effective during the rectorship of the Rev. John Johnson, whose heroic service to the Confederacy as major of Engineers helped to make Fort Sumter impregnable and who later gave thirty-six years of consecrated service as a soldier of Christ in the ministry of this old Church.

To this hallowed shrine we bid you come for the opening service of your convention, and, in the name of the congregation, I assure you a cordial welcome to the Church of your three Presidents General.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, FOUNDED IN 1752.

AFFECTIONATE RELATIONS BETWEEN MASTER AND SLAVE.

BY EX-GOV. D. C. HEYWARD, IN CHARLESTON EVENING POST.

There are few living to-day who can understand and appreciate the close personal relationship which existed before the Confederate war between many families in the South who owned slaves and that class of negroes who were employed as house servants.

Nearly every old slaveholder has now been called upon to give an account of his stewardship, and nearly all of the old negroes, too, who were slaves have passed away. Both master and man must stand before the same judgment seat and, in most cases, when they meet there, I am quite sure they will be glad to see each other, for the bonds which bound them together on earth, strange as it may seem, were very strong.

The house servants of the Old South lived in daily contact with the members of the owner's family, and they considered themselves almost members of the household. Whenever any distinction came to the family through politics or success in any line, the slaves were very proud of it, bragged about it, and gave full play to their imagination. This was especially true of the house servants. These servants never thought of working in the fields. They were far above that. They considered themselves in a class entirely apart from the field hands. No worse threat could be made to them than that they would be sent to work in the fields.

The children who lived in the Low Country of South Carolina after the close of the Confederate war, and whose families could afford to employ as servants some of their former slaves, will never forget the old negroes of their childhood. They were their confidants, and advisers, and their allies in times of trouble, and often the children of these servants were their favorite playmates. Some children used to love their nurses, those faithful old black maumas, as much as they loved their parents. The maumas were usually stout women, most of them not being given to much exercise. They always were neatly and cleanly dressed, and wore colored bandannas wound about their heads. I took one of them once with my family on a trip to Virginia, and the old woman insisted upon wearing a red and white bandanna under a black straw hat, and I am quite sure by the way people looked at her that they thought she had been severely wounded.

And these old maumas much preferred talking to walking. They delighted to sit and talk, three or four of them together, for hours at a time in some shady place in summer and in a sunny spot in winter, while their charges played within easy hearing distance. The children minded them, too, for the old maumas soon trained them so they did not have to be followed foot for foot. And another great merit they had was that they did not want every other afternoon and every Sunday off. Many modern inventions are in use these days to lighten a mother's work, but, when it comes to minding children, nothing has been discovered to take the place of the negro maumas of a generation ago.

Taking them as a class, the house servants of ante-bellum days in the South were much more intelligent than the generality of the slaves, for they were carefully selected and had also greater opportunities than the other negroes. Their close association with the white people likewise gave them a great advantage over the others. Nor did they speak Gullah to anything like the extent that the rice field negroes did. A butler in a Low Country family home, though born on a rice plantation, used the Gullah about as little as do the waiters in a Charleston hotel to-day.



THE OLD HUGUENOT FRENCH CHURCH (TO THE RIGHT),
ST. PHILIP'S IN DISTANCE.

When the slaves were emancipated, it was very hard for an old slaveholder to realize that his negroes, and especially his house servants, no longer belonged to him, and the older negroes, I am quite sure, rather felt the same way about it. Their former owner's home was the only one they had ever known, and they felt they belonged there. When they had to find employment elsewhere, in the same locality, they usually continued to stay in the old servant's house in the yard. The feeling that she still owned her slaves is very strongly and yet very amusingly expressed in the will of an old woman in Charleston, made nearly ten years after her slaves had been declared free. Her will is now on record in the court of probate in the city of Charleston. In it she says:

"The following negro slaves (naming them) who are still my property, but whom it has been sought to take from me by a high-handed and confiscatory government, I hereby devise and bequeath, as follows."

The negroes whose names she mentioned were evidently some old house servants who had remained in her service or had continued to live on in her yard after their freedom. I fear her bequest was not very valuable. Had there been inheritance taxes in those days, the Federal collector would certainly have hesitated before classing these negroes as taxable items in the old woman's estate.

The house servants in slavery times, I am quite sure, had a very easy time of it. Most of the older men died from dropsy. An old negro, who had been a butler before the war, was once asked if he had had to work very hard.

"Not so very," he said, "De wust job I had was walkin' to answer de front door bell. It just seem to keep a-ringin' all de time. It sure kept me a-movin'."

One reason the servants of ante-bellum days didn't have to work hard was that in the homes of most of the wealthier planters there were so many of them. I do not see how the mistress of the house ever kept up with them all. There were always, of course, a cook, a butler, a coachman, a nurse, a chambermaid, a seamstress, a laundress, and in some households each of these had one or more assistants. The butler, for instance, was not required to actually wait on the table; his was the responsibility only. Two young butlers did the actual waiting. The coachman never touched the horses; he only handled the reins. A hostler, or two hostlers, curried and attended to the horses. Of course, the reason for this latter was that when the coachman drove the family carriage on a summer's afternoon around the Battery in Charleston, seated on his high seat, in his livery and beaver, the salt

breezes from the sea should convey no suggestion of the stable.

Having a number of house servants was the greatest extravagance the planters of those days indulged in, but they didn't seem to look upon it as an extravagance. They owned the negroes—why not have them as house servants? There was not much outgo visible in feeding and clothing them, but that outgo must have been there just the same. It was like the indirect taxes which we pay to-day. In other respects the planters lived rather simply and unostentatiously; but to be waited on was with them then as it is with us now—a very pleasant luxury, and luxurious habits are readily formed and easily become fixed. A very respectable negro of Richland County told me that before the war he belonged to a wealthy old bachelor planter, in the same county, to whose wants he regularly attended. He even had to hand him his toothbrush every morning; he wouldn't clean his teeth until he did.

A few months ago, I saw, for the first time that I can recall, a letter which was written to me by my father when I was four years old. It was written from Charleston, and I was in Greenville at the time with my mother. When I read it through, I wondered how many fathers in the South these days would write their children such a letter, filled as it was with the doings of their negro servants' children. My father did this because he knew I would want to know all about them. How many children nowadays would want to know?

In this letter, my father, after mentioning that the goat and the ice cream man were missing me, said that he had covered up my rocking horse, so Johnnie and Susan, children of old Paul, the butler, could not ride it. (They used to ride it with me all the time when I was at home.) He tells me also about what the other negroes—those still living in the yard, but working elsewhere—are doing. He then promises to get an alligator from Combahee and have it tied securely on the piazza so I can shoot at it with my toy pistol when I get back. Even then he must have foreseen I was to follow in his footsteps—plant rice, and live among the negroes and the alligators. My father closes his letter by saying: "Paul is ringing the dinner bell, and I must go downstairs."

When I read about "Paul ringing the dinner bell," my childhood days seemed to come trooping back to me through the mist of years. I could see old Paul just as I saw him when I was a child, when we lived on Meeting Street near the Battery, in Charleston, and he used to ring the bell. Paul was a large, portly negro, with a round head and very black; but, unlike Sam Johnson, the founder of Calvary Baptist Church in Columbia, there was no Madagascan blood in him. As I think of old Paul now, I know he must have been a pretty hard case, but to me in those old days he was very attractive, and I was his pet. The greatest virtue Paul had was his unswerving loyalty to my father, whom he idolized, and his worst fault was that he was very fond of whisky. He was older than my father, and, before the war, when my father went hunting, Paul always went with him to carry the game, and after the war he remained with him as butler until my father's death.

Though in our land we had both bond and free,
Both were content, and so God let them be

Till Envy coveted our Sun

And those fair fields our valor won;

But little recked we, for we still slept on—
In the land where we were dreaming.

—Daniel B. Lucas.

FORT SUMTER, 1860-61.

BY ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR., FLORENCE, S. C.

Coming across the third volume of Rhodes's "History of the United States," I turned with curiosity to see whether he would repudiate or accept the main line of facts as I had often read them in Confederate accounts, and how he would explain the celebrated sentence: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept." I was very much pleased with Rhodes's account.

I believe an account of that tremendous episode with which the war began can but be interesting, and old Confeds will have no reason to blush for their cause or their leaders, even as Rhodes tells the tale. As for the other side, he is quite willing to throw Buchanan to the wolves, but he finds it necessary to hold Seward between Lincoln and the flames. Of course, it is an old subject, but the veterans are now at an age when the past seems ever interesting, so I venture into the deep and somewhat scalding waters, using Rhodes as a basis.

In October, 1860, elections in Indiana and Pennsylvania foretold that Lincoln would carry the day also in those to be held in November. The secession of South Carolina seemed almost a certainty. Colonel Gardner, commanding at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, applied for reinforcements, and advised that Sumter and Castle Pinckney also be garrisoned. Gen. Winfield Scott also came forward to urge President Buchanan to garrison strongly all the forts on the Southern coast. This advice was not taken, and Maj. Robert Anderson, relieving Gardner, was sent to Fort Moultrie without any increase of the garrison of about sixty-five men. As Buchanan was trying to prevent secession, the step proposed by those who wanted the Federal government to avoid being caught in a weak condition seemed to him a bad one to take. His term would soon end, and be intended to escape the accusation of provoking the increase of angry feelings. His position was that secession was wrong, but that there was no power given to the Federal government to coerce a State which did in fact secede. All that he was to do must be done *before* secession, for *after* that he would be powerless. Scott's anger-increasing proposition was, therefore, rejected.

Of course his policy was exasperating to the North, which saw secession daily approaching and the forts at the mercy of the seceders. In case of war over secession, as seemed almost sure, a vast advantage would be lost. Buchanan, a Northern man, had to antagonize his own people in a juncture where it would do little good and bring him obloquy of extreme sort. In his conscience, he preferred it to helping bring disruption of the Union during his own administration. His Attorney General was Judge Jeremiah Black, a great friend and a great lawyer. He took Buchanan in hand and, by drawing a distinction between coercing a State and holding the forts in her harbors as property and collecting revenue, tried to move him toward Scott's position, but failed.

It soon became evident that South Carolina would certainly secede; but the North had hopes that the "Cotton States" would not. Lincoln's election on November 6, brought, on the 10th, a call for South Carolina's secession convention to meet December 17.

Now, of course, Judge Black's idea, that holding the forts and collecting customs did not have the logic or the sting behind it that coercion had, found no place in any Southern mind. Both Buchanan and the South Carolina authorities now labored to preserve the *status quo*, as the slogan of the day ran, until the new President assumed office. South Carolina, and later the South, may have pressed for decision, but the desire to gain Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and the border States called for patience, and there was a

strong peace party at the North, even among Republicans, trying to bring about compromises of several kinds.

Rhodes very clearly describes the three lines of thought that Northern men took. One was coercion; another, compromise; while the third was letting the "erring sisters depart in peace." But, on the point of holding the forts, the overwhelming sentiment was for holding them. Judge Black's position on this holding-the-forts matter was destined to be the inclined plane by which the entire North was drawn up to coercion. There was great use made of the precedent in Jackson's day, when South Carolina nullified the customs law and Jackson collected them at Castle Pinckney. In vain Buchanan pointed out the difference. The State, still in the Union, did not then dispute the title to the forts, while now she would do so by virtue of resuming her independence.

The foundation of the *status quo* is not as clear as it might be, in that it was not a formal signed agreement, but in his message at the meeting of Congress, December 3, President Buchanan said, "The officer in command of the forts has received orders to act strictly on the defensive;" and in two meetings early in December, between himself and the South Carolina representatives, which came about through mutual fears concerning the disturbance of the status, assurances were given on both sides.

At the second meeting, the President refused to sign a memorandum or formally pledge himself, although he had suggested at the first meeting that the substance of their statement be put into writing; but, "when we rose to go," relate Miles and Keitt, "the President said in substance: 'After all, this is a matter of honor among gentlemen. I do not know that any paper or writing is necessary. We understand each other.'" Furthermore, on December 31, Buchanan wrote: "It is well known that it was my determination, and this I freely expressed, not to reinforce the forts in Charleston Harbor, and thus produce a collision, until they had been actually attacked, or until I had certain evidence that they were about to be attacked." Finally, when the news of Major Anderson's transfer of his command from Moultrie to Sumter reached Washington on December 26, and Jefferson Davis, still a Senator, broke the news to Buchanan, he was amazed, and appealed to Treseott and Davis as men who better than any knew that "this is not only without, but against my orders. It is against my policy." As a matter of fact, indeed, the President had sincerely tried to keep the *status quo*. It was to his interest and honor to do so. How, then, did it come to be broken?

There was a loophole in Anderson's orders, an undesigned loophole in all probability. Floyd, an ex-governor of Virginia, was Secretary of War under Buchanan, and sent the



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR.



BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON, ONE OF THE OLDEST HOUSES IN CHARLESTON.

Assistant Adjutant General of the army, Buell, to give direct and verbal orders (of which a memorandum was preserved), so there could be no mistake. Floyd does not seem to have suspected the loophole. Rhodes gives Trescot's account of how the three South Carolina commissioners had arrived in Washington, and Senator Wigfall came to tell them the startling news of Anderson's change over to Fort Sumter. Just then Floyd came up the steps, and Trescot said to Floyd that he had just remarked to Wigfall he could pledge his life that the change was against his orders. Floyd said: "You can pledge your life that *it is not so*. It is impossible. It would be not only without orders, but in the face of orders." Still, there was a loophole, and it was this: "You are also authorized to take similar steps (secure the safety of his men in any one of the forts under his command) whenever you have tangible evidence of a design to proceed to a hostile act." "Tangible evidence of a design" can be made to mean a good many things. Again, Buell's orders had been modified by the President, through the Secretary of War, to guard the work "to the last extremity," and expressed such anxiety for the safety of the men as to weigh much with an officer in Anderson's predicament.

This predicament was no slight one. From the landing on Sullivan's Island there ran a road, or street (for it was lined with houses), to the other end and on to Long Island, and between this road and the beach lay Fort Moultrie. Every one passed within fifty feet of the postern gate of the fort. Sand hills and houses lay on both sides close to the walls, which were only fourteen feet high. The garrison was only about sixty-four men. A revolution was at hand, excitement and anger great. At any time some news from Washington might cut into the heart of things and bring a storm of intense resentment. His superiors had given him strict and difficult orders. He bore tremendous responsibility for war or peace. He was refused all reinforcements.

When the State of South Carolina seceded on December 20, the tension was tremendous. Anderson stood it for six days, and then withdrew by night to Sumter, which stood a mile from shore, "sixty feet" high, and had "emplacements for 140 cannon." He said to the South Carolina officials that he was threatened every night by State troops, that he removed on his own responsibility, and did so to prevent bloodshed. Nevertheless, he had dismantled the guns of Moultrie the very day the State's commissioners reached Washington to treat about the property, and had garrisoned (for the first time in its history) a mighty fortress on the edge of the chan-

nel, able to reach with its guns every inch of the harbor shores. Every soldier of rank is trained to recognize an act of war without help from men able to prove black whiter than white. The very fact that both forts were a matter of dispute between organized governments made his act one of extreme recklessness, but he threw back on his government, which had exposed him to such dreadful tension, the whole question. He knew the authorities could disavow his act and avert war. In Moultrie, a pistol shot could have caused bloodshed—much harder to explain or forgive.

Mr. Buchanan had now a different problem. As for the threats by State troops at night, the road or street at the back of the fort doubtless often knew the tramp of armed men from the city to the islands (Long, as well as Sullivan's), and vice versa. He was never threatened in any real way. [I find that in the "Military History" of the Confederate States, the South Carolina volume written by Gen. (and Bishop) Ellison Capers, a long passage from Doubleday's (a Federal officer with Anderson in Sumter) book is quoted telling of Colonel Pettigrew's and Major Capers's (afterwards General Capers) visit to Anderson to ask, for Beauregard, an explanation of the removal to Sumter, in which Anderson tells them, in Doubleday's presence, that a boat carrying troops passed every night going north—i. e., toward the landing—as though to land the troops on the island. But this, Capers told him, was the patrol boat with a few men guarding against the very thing Anderson feared, the disturbance of the status.] Possibly he had a thought akin to what is called "ulterior motives," but Anderson was a brave, sincere, and able man. Then, too, he claimed to be a Southern sympathizer, but one who from his position of trust was obliged to put duty first. However, since to relinquish Sumter was something that no Northern politician knew how to do, Anderson's seizure undoubtedly brought war to his country, and he earned that blame the South accords him. On his own responsibility he created a situation that compelled his government to make a clear and clean surrender of the fort, or take steps of open war to hold it. This open war would have been clearly seen in connection with Moultrie, which, being on land, would have rendered necessary the tread of armed men on the soil of Carolina, to which no claim could be alleged except on totally different grounds. In Sumter's case, the landing was altogether by way of navigable waters, but that, of course, would not really affect the case. After



ALONG THE ASHLEY RIVER ROAD, CHARLESTON.

secession, any forbidden entrance to the harbor was an act of war. When Buchanan's *Star of the West* came in January 9, 1861, she was first forbidden by a shot across her bow, and then open war against her was made with shot against her hull, in answer to the war she brought by insisting on entering. It was so recognized. Rhodes says: "Holt (Secretary of War) wrote Anderson that he had rightly designated the firing into the *Star of the West* as an act of war."

But the mind of the North was not made up, and there was no leader; while South Carolina wished to wait on the secession of other States, and the clash of arms was allowed to drop for the time being. Also, when South Carolina occupied Moultrie, the North claimed that it was an act of war. There was no lack of acts of war three months before Sumter was attacked—dismantling Moultrie (by the United States government); occupying Moultrie (by South Carolina); occupying Sumter (by United States Government); entering harbor after warning gun, and firing on ship so entering. All were overlooked in hopes of finding a way to avoid the appeal to arms.

But Buchanan's predicament was now as great as Anderson's had been. His message to Congress, his orders to Anderson, his assurances to the South Carolina representatives, the things which Trescott and Davis knew, his avowed and often-stated policy, stared him in the face. How could he without dishonor, as Davis and the South Carolina commissioners urgently reminded him, make Anderson's act his own? Yet to disavow Anderson and restore Sumter would bring down loathing and nothing less on his name and presence throughout his own State and all the North forever. He let Black, now Secretary of State, lead him by the hand. He planned with Scott to send a warship and troops to Sumter, a plan changed to sending the *Star of the West*, a merchant vessel, because of the draught of the Brooklyn. President Buchanan believed that the forts belonged to the government. He let that principle dominate him, and he took Black's position now that holding the forts was not coercion. The South feels kindly to Buchanan because he wanted to help them, but, like Anderson, he was in harness and had to pull the wagon he was hitched to, and he blundered into doing the South vast injury. If even Buchanan held to the forts then all Northerners would hold also. When Lincoln took the helm, he found that point settled so far as feeling sure of having the North behind him. But Lincoln was to handle the controversy, not with one State, but seven States united in the Confederacy, and with the fear before him of causing other States to join them.

The Confederate States now simply came forward, believing they were too strong to insult or maltreat, and demanded treatment according to international law. The situation was that it was simply out of the question that one nation should hold forts in the harbors of another nation.

Rhodes says, and apparently proves, that the proposed compromise measures were killed by the Republicans because Lincoln and Wade held them to the principle that whatever might be done with slavery where already established, there should be no extension of it. So only two positions were left in the North—coercion and acceptance of secession as an accomplished fact. But as to retaining the forts there was great agreement, and this because of Black's distinction between coercing and holding.

Of course no one could believe that to hold the forts would not require force, for either by land or sea armed men must enter them in order to hold them. What Black was driving at was that while under the Constitution there was no power

to compel a State to function as a member of the Union, there was no need of Constitutional warrant for such acts as holding its property and collecting customs, even though that property was a fort that could threaten a State, a city, and a harbor. Lincoln's inaugural sets forth the idea plainly. He said, "But, beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force," plainly implying that he would invade and use force to secure those objects, the holding of the forts. Black and Lincoln knew too well that war would follow any action that humiliated the South, much less one that threatened her cities and coast, but by this route lay the inclined plane to full fighting spirit throughout the North.

The matter had to be handled dexterously, and, while Lincoln did not have as much guile in his nature as Seward, he was a past master in ability to carry out a guileful transaction. Mr. Lincoln proceeded to show the world a sample of this ability. That is the chief charge of the South against the character of Lincoln. The instance does not stand alone, but it is written in undeniable facts. Although he had said he would use force if necessary, and could have advanced as boldly toward his object as the Confederates did with their troops under Beauregard in a ring of earthworks around Sumter, he covered his movements up most carefully and, in less than three weeks, his Secretary of State, the newspapers, and his agent, Lamon, in Charleston (and even Anderson believed what Lamon told him) were announcing the abandonment of the idea, while his agent Fox, under false promises, obtained admission to Fort Sumter and broached the plan for holding the forts to Anderson, so he could bear his part. Anderson says "hinted," which was all that was necessary. Seward's action was monstrous. I take from Rhodes this account. On March 15, Judge Campbell, of the Supreme Court, went to see Seward, and Seward let slip the expression: "The evacuation of Sumter is as much as the administration can bear." "Campbell had been unaware that the withdrawal of Anderson was under consideration, and he quite agreed with Seward as to its effect." "He proposed to see the Confederate commissioners and write to Davis at Montgomery. 'And what shall I say to him upon the subject of Fort Sumter?' he asked. 'You may say to him,' replied the Secretary, 'that before that letter reaches him the telegraph will have informed him that Sumter will have been evacuated.'" Campbell would talk to Seward, prepare a memorandum and submit it to Seward, and then hand it to the commissioners. "On March 21, Campbell gave them a memorandum saying: 'My confidence in the two facts stated in my note of the 15th is unabated.' Rhodes states that 'Douglas said that the President had assured him that Sumter would be evacuated as soon as possible,' and Douglas spoke in the Senate along the line of evacuation. Rhodes takes Douglas's statement with a grain of salt so far as the assurance having been unqualified. Francis P. Blair (not Blair of the Cabinet) was told, on March 15, after a Cabinet meeting, by Lincoln, 'that it had not been fully determined to withdraw Anderson, but he thought such would be the result.'" Also he tells of "the *National Republican*, which Stanton called 'Lincoln's organ,' announcing that at a Cabinet meeting, March 9, it was determined that both Sumter and Pickens would be surrendered." And in a footnote he gives this quotation: "As one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer* in 1861, I was authentically informed of this purpose (the evacuation of Sumter) by Secretary Seward, not only for my guidance as a public journalist, but with the request that I should communicate the fact to George W. Summers, the recognized leader of the Union majority in the Virginia convention. —James C. Welling, in the *Nation* of December, 1879."



IN MAGNOLIA GARDENS, NEAR CHARLESTON.

Thus Lincoln started, March 4, declaring he intended to hold the forts; in the middle of March, by personal word, by his Secretary of State, and by his accredited agents, broadcast not only to Davis, Pickens (governor of South Carolina), the commissioners, but even to the newspapers, the probable collapse of the idea and intention; and yet, before the month was out, on March 29, "directed (see Rhodes) that the Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy prepare an expedition which should be ready to move by sea as early as April 6." However, Rhodes quotes: "To be used or not according to circumstances."

On April 1, Seward and Campbell have two conferences, and between these conferences *Seward consults Lincoln* and, returning, hands Campbell a memorandum reading: "I am satisfied the government will not undertake to supply Sumter without giving notice to Governor Pickens." On which Campbell asked: "What does this mean? Does the President design to attempt to supply Sumter?" Seward answered, "No, I think not," and ended by saying, "There is no design to reinforce it."

Rhodes claims that Seward referred to this memorandum when, on April 7, he told Campbell: "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." But Campbell had also the Secretary of State's assurance: "There is no design to reinforce it." Besides, the whole tenor of Seward's assurances had been on one line. Except for the one clause, explained away, about a notice being given, the burden of Seward's words was the same optimistic assurance. Even the words as to the *notice* had never been sent by Campbell to Davis or Pickens. Rhodes says that "if the President consented to this negotiation, and knew of the assurances which Seward gave, his course cannot be successfully defended." Even if he consented to the *negotiation*, he was committed to its outcome, and for him not to follow its progress was folly, disastrous folly. Rhodes can only cite Welles (Secretary of the Navy) as denying for Lincoln knowledge of Seward's assurances. Does he mean up to the 7th of April, after the fleet had been ordered to proceed? I have no copy of Welles' at hand to determine the point. That was the date (the 7th) of the celebrated "Faith as to Sumter." But how preposterous it is for a historian to suggest that two judges of the

Supreme Court, Nelson and Campbell, could be in collusion with the Secretary of State to conduct "negotiations" for the government without the consent of the President in a juncture like this and with the commissioners of seven States. His one authority (Welles) testifies only as to assurances. Would Campbell and Nelson go so far as to *write to President Davis* informing him what Lincoln would decide upon? Let us remember that on April 1 Seward and Campbell had two interviews, and after the first "the Secretary *went to consult the President*," and at the second gave Campbell a written memorandum embodying the reply for the commissioners.

The course of events, thus, was this: Lincoln declares in his inaugural: "The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." Spiking this gun, the Confederates send commissioners to arrange peacefully the matters involved. Lincoln does not receive them, but they are advised not to present their credentials and demands, in as much as that might cause an unfavorable result. Then, in an indirect way, they are told by Seward that he cannot treat with them officially; but Judge Nelson and Campbell appear and by means of memorandums Seward gives assurances as above set forth. So far from "aggressions," the course of the Confederates is one of completely pacific dealing. Lincoln must determine whether to "assail" or not without any act of the Confederates after his inaugural to go upon. He had to hark back to something before his inaugural promises not to assail. In the end, his promises are seen to be mere poppycock. Two Presidents of the United States, therefore, gave the South most positive assurances and broke them by acts of war—announced their policies so that all knew them and then broke them to pieces in sight of all the world.

Some think that Lincoln really came near to allowing Moultrie to remain in the hands of the South, and Sumter to go by default during the middle of March—that the appearance of wavering was really a wavering—but, be that as it may, he moved in *action* directly from the threat of invasion, as given in the previous clauses of his inaugural, to invasion itself. With Seward, Douglas, Blair, and the papers, he sounded the North, while with Seward and Lamont he deceived the South, and with Fox and secret orders to his fleet he moved to his objective and "assailed."

The two passages of Mr. Lincoln's inaugural, both at the time and ever since, have given trouble to every one trying to interpret and reconcile them. In the first, he declares his intention as being "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places . . . ; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion." In the second, he says: "The government will not assail you." As any attempt of an armed fleet to enter the harbor, never mind what Mr. Lincoln thought or claimed, was, beyond question, an act of war, an assault, the Confederate authorities prepared for war, and as soon as notice was given that a fleet *was on its way* to enter "*forcibly*, if it must," the war began. The pop of a cap after that would have "fired the Northern heart," or "been heard around the world." It had to come from the Confederates, because the fleet, if waited for, would have simply steamed in without firing a gun until fired upon.

Mr. Lincoln was no saint, but he was a very adroit politician. But for him there would have been no war. He alone had determination enough to bring it on and astuteness enough to play for position.

THE CARE OF THE AMERICAN DEAD OVERSEAS.

BY CASSIE MONCURE LYNE, B.L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Though the parents of the soldiers and sailors who died in the World War know the enormous and untiring expenditure of time and money that the United States government has devoted to befittingly honor the American dead, yet the work which has been accomplished bespeaks the personal interest and effort of recognition by the republic of those who made the supreme sacrifice. The humblest doughboy and the highest officer have a marker exactly alike, since a man has but one life to give to his country. This definite determination to have all monuments conform to a uniform standard makes a beautiful symmetry in the cemeteries, where, in the presence of death, all ranks seem paltry and earthly honors of small moment.

The first temporary markers, necessarily of wood, took the shape of the cross, as typical of human sacrifice; but religious preferences of parents held sway with a government that accords religious liberty as a great fundamental, so that now, in everlasting stone, those of Hebrew lineage will be identified by the "*Star of David*" as an apex to the memorial.

This work, which required endless detail, came under the province of the Quartermaster General of the United States Army, and the names of General Hart (deceased) and General Cheatham, the present quartermaster, should hold high rank in the gratitude of the country for the work accomplished through their efficiency in cemetary development of the eight burial grounds overseas, where the bodies of 30,592 soldiers have been collected from various temporary burial grounds and permanently interred in land that is owned by the United States government and destined to be kept in perpetual care befitting the appreciation of these young lives, sacrificed on the altar of freedom "to make the world safe for democracy."

As the coming years will change the terrain of the battle fields, it was early decided to concentrate the dead in purchased American National Cemeteries, located as near the great and decisive operations of the American army as could be procured. To those familiar with history, it must be remembered that the great battles of the World War were waged in what is known as the "cock pit" of Europe, for here Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon, Ney, Blucher, Bismarck, Petain, and Pershing had stood through the centuries, disputing the territory from aggression.

With due sense of humility, the United States government realized that America did not enter the war until France was bled white and England was fighting with her back to the wall. Hostilities began in 1914; and in return for the French assistance rendered America in the Revolution, together with every sense of compassion for humanity being ruthlessly tortured, it was not until 1917, that, standing before the shrine of the great LaFayette, Col. Charles E. Stanton, United States Army, gave utterance to those immortal words: "LaFayette, we are here!" The brunt and burden of "*They shall not pass*" had been borne by nations that in deaths and pecuniary loss suffered far more than America can ever realize, hence the United States, in recognition of their heartache and deepest sympathy for their sorrow, will erect on foreign soil no monument that may appear to vaunt America's wealth or cause envy by those who are unable to cope with

such expenditure of money. It is the purpose of the government to put only such memorials as may be useful to the country and community, such as chapels, fountains, and bridges, instead of the useless obelisk of the past. In the real work of rehabilitation, this will mean much to a land where bridges were wrecked by Boche shells and cathedrals of priceless memories shattered; yet all public chapels or auditoriums will be strictly nonsectarian, for use on memorial occasions and as shrines for visitors who seek to locate the graves of loved ones who sleep "on Flanders Fields."

At the request of relatives, the bodies of some 46,284 American soldiers were returned to the United States for burial; 605 were sent to foreign countries where resided their nearest of kin; 128 were left in original graves; and 30,592 were collected from every battle ground and permanently placed in the cemeteries purchased by the United States government for this purpose. There are still approximately 1,125 bodies unlocated, but the work of searching for their remains still goes on. The Grave Registration Commission, having access to maps as to trenches, reopens all spots where there is a possibility of the earth having caved in and covered the dead, also all shell holes that might have served as the easiest way to dispose of bodies in the hurry of evacuation, when to give them back to Mother Earth was absolutely necessary in the exigency of war and the heat of summer, as well as the menace of shell to burying squads. Chaplains had to keep minute records of all interments under their jurisdiction; and a paper was placed in a bottle, as well as the identification tag on the corpse and the cross, to serve for future reference. Where mutilation had occurred, which is the toll of Mars, closest notes were kept by the men intrusted with removal of bodies to permanent localities; and these records were cross checked with the missing and also with the records in the Adjutant General's office, where the height, color of hair, weight, and teeth charts helped to solve the problem of identification.



TENNESSEE MEMORIAL NEAR BELLICOURT, FRANCE.



MAJ. GEN. B. F. CHEATHAM, U. S. A.

There are always those who will scoff at the Christ on the cross or the literal crucifixion of humanity of which Calvary is symbolical. There are always the critics who insist that American commercialism would throw dice for the seamless garment at the foot of the cross; but such flagrancy and fabrications need no denial as to the altruism and high ideals which prompted the United States government to bring the alabaster box of precious clay back to the Gold Star mothers in America.

It must be borne in mind that Belgium and France are small countries compared with the rolling prairies, high plateaus, and wide valleys of our own land. It must be remembered that this ground was needed for the intensive farming practiced by the peasants; and that the grief was too poignant and the wound too fresh to keep these country people forever surrounded by a literal Ezekiel's vision of dried bones. If the land was to be cultivated and vineyards and orchards to replace devastations, it must be free of the harrowing experiences of forever finding soldiers' remains. Hence, the removal of the dead was due to no graft by the embalmers or casket makers; neither France nor Belgium had the surface to accord silent tents to the millions of men whose blood had soaked the terrain. Early in the war, the Boches were made to realize that if, as prisoners, they were discovered with signs of American loot on their persons, such as rings, jewelry, or souvenirs, it would go hard with them; hence, the Germans were careful to take only the shoes of the dead who fell within their lines. These little mementoes—watches, fraternity pins, emblems of faith—have served great usefulness in locating the wearers; and also army insignia, such as shoulder or collar decoration, the kind of blouse, or hospital bandages, all determine the rank and

circumstance of demise. The government is most careful before the War Department will officially pronounce a man "dead," for there is the insurance of the Veteran's Bureau which rests on such testimony as well as allotments or compensation, so that circumstantial evidence must be proved beyond a doubt; for even in identification tags, numbers became blurred by corrosion and 8, 0, 6, and 9 are often misread where rust has obliterated in part the figures. The plowing of tanks, the scurrying of ammunition wagons, the wake of war, in many cases wiped out all possibility of the means of locating places of burial, so that some service men who were given good burials by army chaplains cannot be found, while others, missing for years, have been found in segregated isolation.

Congress, in 1923, authorized the creation of a Battle Monument Commission, serving at the pleasure of the President of the United States, of which Gen. John J. Pershing was the head, ably assisted by Maj. X. H. Price, of the Corps of Engineers, acting as secretary, together with those efficient aids who were deemed proper authority on questions of art and history, to effect such permanent memorials as might be within keeping of the great responsibility intrusted to their judgment. Meetings were held in Paris at the Hotel Crillon, and also in Washington at the State, War, and Navy Building. The eight United States cemeteries overseas are like the National Cemeteries in America, under the care and jurisdiction of the Quartermaster General of the United States Army, known as the Cemeterial Division; but national memorials to be placed at such spots as will perpetuate the work of the American soldier, sailor, and civilian in France belong to the Commission established by Congress for co-operation with the Allies in seeking the means of marking great events at such places as can be seen by the public, since a memorial loses its usefulness if placed where it is never visited or observed. The Chateau-Thierry memorial will command a fine view of the Marne Valley; while at Tours, the work of the Service Supply will not be forgotten. At Brest, a suitable memorial will perpetuate the risk of the American navy in conveying troops, while other monuments in England and Rome will show how the American sailor and seamen aided in safeguarding the Atlantic and Mediterranean from submarines; for, be it remembered, as the sea seldom gives up its dead, nearly all the graves in foreign cemeteries are of the army, so that justice as well as pride demands these naval memorials as beacons of the brightest light in the world's darkest hour in safeguarding the freedom of the sea.

Gen. B. Frank Cheatham, of Tennessee, is Quartermaster General of the army and has charge of caring for all National Cemeteries. It is a great honor to the South for him to hold this high office, and his name should be honored as that of one of the ablest men in the United States army.

The names of the United States cemeteries overseas, are:

1. *The Meuse-Argonne* at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, France, which contains 14,234 graves, among whom are listed men from almost every division of the American Expeditionary Force. Their remains were collected from the Vosges Mountains, the Argonne Forest, and from Archangel, Russia. This hallowed spot is twenty-three miles from Verdun and adjacent to Fort Douaumont, the Trench of Bayonets, and other places that marked the road to Calvary.

2. *The Aisne-Marne*, at Belleau, France, is six miles from Chateau-Thierry and numbers 2,212 graves, whose supreme sacrifice is associated with the heroic repulse of Hindenburg's forty divisions, who tried to break through to Paris,

but were repulsed largely by the American troops being rushed to the assistance of the French at the crucial hour.

3. *The Oise-Aisne*, at Serenges-et-Nesles, where are buried 5,926 Americans. It is some twenty-five miles from Rheims, and about eighteen miles from Soissons. These men died fighting along the Ourc and Oise rivers, and among those killed in action was Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, Headquarters Company, 165th Infantry, 42d Division, who sleeps in grave 15, row 9, block B. He won the French *croix de guerre*, but his fame would live always as the author of that verse on "Trees," which have become household words in many American homes—

"A tree that looks at God all day; and lifts her leafy arms to pray;

Poems are made by fools like me, but only God can make a tree!"

Kilmer's love of nature links his name with the trees of France, the poplars along the long, hard white roads or the apple blossoms of Normandy, where the "Trees" were to him the symbol of those "leaves that are for the healing of the nations," just as in the passing of the soul, the tired, war-worn Stonewall Jackson, from the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, said: "Let us cross over the river and rest 'neath the shade of the trees."

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH."

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him, still;
But I've a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

(Alan Seeger was a New York boy, born in that city June 22, 1888. In his short life he had written some twenty poems, this one being his last. On July 3, 1916, in the village of Belloy-en-Santerre, where the Germans received them with the fire of six machine guns, Seeger was severely wounded, but went forward with the others and helped take the place. Next morning he died. He had kept the tryst.)

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

(Continued from October number.)

(From the compilation by Dr. W. L. Fleming when at the head of the Department of History, Louisiana State University. Dr. Fleming is now with Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.)

As soon as the war was ended, some Southern leaders made of Davis a scapegoat—the cause of the Confederacy's failure. In regard to their criticisms and the demand of Northern people that he be executed, he said:

"An Unseen Hand has sustained me, and a peace the world could not give and has not been able to destroy will, I trust, uphold me to meet with resignation whatever may befall me. . . . If one is to answer for all, upon him (me) it most naturally and properly falls. If I alone could bear all the suffering of the country, and relieve it from further calamity, I trust our Heavenly Father would give me strength to be a willing sacrifice."

Mr. Davis's little daughter was told by her mother that she might write to her father, but that she must write nothing to which General Miles would object. She copied, after days of labor, the twenty-third Psalm and signed her name. General Miles suppressed it. In some way Mr. Davis heard of it, and wrote:

"Our injuries cease to be grievous in proportion as Christian charity enables us to forgive those who trespass against us, and to pray for our enemies. I rejoice in the sweet sensitive nature of our little Maggie, but I would she could have been spared the knowledge which inspired her 'grace' and the tears which followed its utterance. As none could share my suffering, and as those who loved me were powerless to diminish it, I greatly preferred that they should not know of it. Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me. His goodness and my unworthiness are more sensibly felt, but this does not press me back, for the atoning mediator is the way, and his hand upholds me."

When affairs seemed to be at the darkest, the prisoner of state wrote to his wife:

"I am sustained by a Power I know not of. The protector of the fatherless and the widow, I am permitted to hope, hears my prayer. Your trust that the son of the righteous will not be forsaken has also been to me the suggestion of comfort. When Franklin was brought before the privy council of George III, and a time-serving courtier heaped the grossest indignities upon him, he bore them with composure, and afterwards attributed his ability to do so to the consciousness of innocence in the acts of which he was reviled. . . .

"What under Providence may be in store for us I have no ability to foresee. I have tried to do my duty to my fellow men, and while my penitent prayers are offered to my Heavenly Father for forgiveness of the sins committed against him, I have the sustaining belief that he is full of mercy, and knowing my inmost heart, will acquit me where man, blind man, seeks to condemn. From our mediating Saviour I humbly trust to receive support, and whatever may befall me in this world, to have justice, dictated by divine wisdom and tempered with divine mercy, in the next."

After the authorities began to better the treatment of Mr. Davis, he was permitted to read books printed before the war or those of a devotional nature. Since he was allowed to see no one except his guards and to write to no one except Mrs. Davis; this was a great privilege. Extracts from his letters will show the nature of his reading and the reflections aroused by it:

"I have lately read the 'Suffering Saviour,' by Dr. Krum-



JEFFERSON DAVIS AND WIFE.

macher, and was deeply impressed with the dignity, the sublime patience of the model of Christianity, as contrasted with the brutal vindictiveness of unregenerate man. . . .

"Misfortune should not depress. . . . Beyond this world there is a sure retreat for the oppressed, and posterity justifies the memory of those who fall unjustly. To our own purblind view there is much that is wrong, but to deny what is right is to question the wisdom of Providence. . . .

"Though my prison life does not give me the quiet of solitude, its isolation as to intercourse affords abundant opportunity for turning the thoughts inward; and, if my self-love, not to say sense of justice, would have resisted the reckless abuse of my enemies, I am humbled by your unmerited praise. It teaches me what I ought to be and lifts my eyes to Him whose all-sufficient grace alone can raise me to your ideal standard. With the communion of the Church, I am not alone, without remembrance that the burden is not permitted to exceed the strength. I live and hope.

"The ways of Him who doeth all things well are inscrutable to man. Let us learn to say: 'Not mine but thy will be done.' The bitterness which caused me to be so persistently slandered had created a sentiment which will probably find vent in congressional speeches and test all your Christian fortitude. Remember that the end is not yet. A fair inquiry will show how 'false witnesses have risen up against me and laid to my charge things that I knew not of.'"

For five months after Mr. Davis was imprisoned, his pastor, Rev. Charles Minnegerode, tried unsuccessfully to obtain permission from Secretary Stanton to visit him. At last, through the influence of Stanton's pastor in Washington, permission was secured. Dr. Minnegerode had to promise to talk only of spiritual matters, and General Miles refused to leave them alone together. The meeting has been described by the minister as follows:

"I was his pastor, and, of course, our conversation was influenced by that and there could be no holding back between us. I had come to sympathize and comfort and pray with him.

"At last the question of the holy communion came up. I really do not remember whether he or I first mentioned it.

He was very anxious to take it. He was a pure and pious man and felt the need and value of the means of grace. But there was one difficulty. Could he take it in the proper spirit—in the frame of a forgiving mind, after all the ill-treatment he had been subjected to? He was too upright and conscientious a Christian man to eat and drink unworthily—that is, not in the proper spirit and, as far as lay in him, in peace with God and man. I left him to settle the question between himself and his own conscience and what he understood God's law to be.

"In the afternoon General Miles took me to him again. I had spoken to him about the communion, and he promised to make preparation for me. I found Mr. Davis with his mind made up. Knowing the honesty of the man, and that there would be, could be, 'no shamming,' no mere superstitious belief in the ordinance, I was delighted when I found him ready to commune. He had laid the bridle upon his very natural feeling and was ready to pray: 'Father, forgive them.'

"Then came the communion—he and I alone, no one but God with us. It was one of those cases where the Rubric cannot be binding. It was night. The fortress was so still that you could hear a pin fall. General Miles, with his back to us, leaning against the fireplace in the anteroom, his head on his hands, not moving; the sentinels ordered to stand still, and they stood like statues. I cannot conceive of a more solemn communion scene. But it was telling upon both of us, I trust, for lasting good."

From this time forward the treatment of the prisoner was constantly bettered. In spite of the uncertainty of the future, his spirits rose. The discipline of adversity had its full effect. Patience had never until now been a virtue of Jefferson Davis. The following passages from letters written early in 1866 show this changed spirit:

"The gifts with which men are divinely endowed are various, and the requirements of the Lord are never beyond the range of possibility; for he knows our infirmities and judges of our motives. These man cannot know and is therefore forbidden to judge. We hope and pray for God's forgiveness on the ground of true repentance; and as we cannot tell, in the case of those who trespass against us, whether the repentance is true or feigned, we are bound to accept the seeming. This is possible, but is not easy. . . . I am supported by the conscious rectitude of my course, and, humbly acknowledging my many and grievous sins against God, can confidently look to his righteous judgment for vindication in matters whereof I am accused by man."

Dr. Craven, the sympathetic surgeon who was Dr. Davis's medical adviser for six months, has left an estimate of the religious character of his patient. He said:

"There was no affectation of devoutness in my patient; but every opportunity I had of seeing him convinced me more deeply of his sincere religious convictions. He was fond of referring to passages of Scripture, comparing text with text, dwelling on the divine beauty of the imagery and the wonderful adaptation of the whole to every conceivable phrase and stage of human life. The Psalms were his favorite portion of the Word, and had always been. Evidence of their divine origin was inherent in their text. Only an intelligence that held the life threads of the entire human family could thus have called forth every wish, joy, fear, exultation, hope,

passion, and sorrow of the human heart. There were moments, while speaking on religious subjects, in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I have ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, always clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith; and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrows as his possessed, and thereby evidenced a reality, a substance, which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit. . . . In my judgment no more devout exemplar of Christian faith now lives, whatever may have been his political crimes. . . . Errors like other men he had committed; but stretched now on a bed from which he might never rise, and looking with the eyes of faith, which no walls could bar, up to the throne of divine mercy, it was his comfort that no such crimes as men laid to his charge reproached him in the whispers of his conscience."

After a year, Mrs. Davis was permitted to visit her husband, and the letters ceased. The last one, written in the early spring when it was supposed that Davis was slowly sinking, contains this passage:

"The weather is quite warm, the earth is clothed in her bright robes of promise, and birds sing joyously, and I will not, like the 'Bard of Ayr,' complain that they are so tuneless while 'I so weary, fu' o' care.' . . . I, who did not mean that man's happiness should be at the mercy of man, and, therefore, formed him for companionship with nature, and endowed his soul with capacity to feed on hopes which live beyond this fleeting life."

After two years in prison, Mr. Davis was released on bail. Amid the rejoicings of his people, white and black, he walked forth a free man. Of the first hour of this freedom his pastor tells us:

"But Mr. Davis turned to me: 'Mr. Minnegerode, you who have been with me in my sufferings, and comforted and strengthened me with your prayers, is it not right that we should now once more kneel down together and return thanks?' There was not a dry eye in the room. Mrs. Davis led the way into the adjoining room, more private; and there, in deep-felt prayer and thanksgiving, closed Jefferson Davis's prison life."

Mr. Davis had hoped, he once said, that the concentration of hate upon him would relieve the South somewhat. But with the progress of radical reconstruction he began to fear the worst. From Montreal, where he was living after his release from prison, he wrote to a friend in Richmond:

"My trust in earthly powers is lost; but my sorrow is not without hope, for God is just and omnipotent. His ways are inscrutable, and history is full of examples of the greatest good being conferred upon a people by events which seemed to be unmitigated evil. Nations are not immortal, and their wickedness will surely be punished in this world."

Gen. Robert Ransom, of North Carolina, who visited Mr. Davis in Memphis during the seventies, when he was trying to mend his fallen fortunes in the insurance business, was struck by his pleasant temper and unaffected piety. Of this he wrote:

"At his table he 'said grace,' or 'asked a blessing,' first seating himself, and then, with bowed head, making the invocation. When he lived in Memphis, I sometimes met at Mr. Davis's residence the venerable and reverend Dr. Wheat, between whom and Mr. Davis there existed the sweetest relations. As together, on one occasion, we left his residence, Dr. Wheat said to me: 'If that man were a member of a Romish Church, he would be canonized as a saint, and his sufferings for ours and the South's sake should forever enshrine him in our hearts as our vicarious sacrifice.'"

At his home at Beauvoir, Miss., he had more time for reading and reflection. In his library was a collection of devotional works, with the best of which he was quite familiar. But as his daughter wrote:

"Of all the books that he referred to, the Bible and Shakespeare had the foremost place. His knowledge of the divine book was not exceeded by that of any clergyman I ever knew, and he contended that in Shakespeare and Solomon one might find a symposium of all human wisdom. . . . The Book of Job was especially loved by him, and I have often heard him say that it contained much of the finest poetry in the language."

In 1886 Mr. Davis made a trip to his birthplace, Fairview, Ky., to make a deed of gift to the new Baptist Church of the ground upon which the Davis house had formerly stood. During his address, he said: "It has been asked why I, who am not a Baptist, give this lot to the Baptist Church. I am not a Baptist, but my father, who was a better man than I, was a Baptist."

Every year the Methodists held a seashore camp meeting near Beauvoir, and Mr. Davis always attended for one day, at least, exhibiting great interest in the services. Bishop Keener, at the funeral of Mr. Davis, said in part:

"It was my good fortune to know Mr. Davis intimately. He attended our seashore camp meetings and ate at my tent. He was a sincere believer in the Christian religion. He listened to the Word and to the experiences of the people of God with reverent interest. I remember on one occasion he met the people of God with me as I came out of the pulpit and thanked me heartily for the sermon, and said: 'You have removed difficulties from my mind in respect to the atonement, and I shall be a better man for it from this time to the end of my life.' The sermon was on the sinner who anointed the feet of Jesus, and of the debtors, 'when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both.' He did not say this merely as a compliment to the preacher. I was somewhat surprised at the earnestness with which he spoke, and his manner made a great impression on me. My last interview with him was on the cars, on the subject of experimental religion, and the wonderful expressions of Napoleon the Great in respect to the Saviour and the gospel."

Of his daily life at Beauvoir his religious duties formed a part. He was an early riser. After private religious devotions, his custom was to call together the family and servants and conduct religious exercises himself. One of his servants said of him: "Mr. Davis was a perfect Christian gentleman in his home." With Roman fortitude and Christian resignation he met the misfortunes of his declining years. The hatred of enemies still marked him for hostile attack; some of his own people denounced him; his great ambition had failed of fulfillment; his fortune was lost; one after another his young sons had died—never did any man suffer more than he did, but never now was he bitter and impatient. One by one, the friends of his time of power died. General Gorgas, with whom he was confirmed, died in 1883, and he then wrote to Mrs. Gorgas:

"Together we three knelt before the altar to receive confirmation. In the order of nature, I, the oldest, should have been first called away; but it has pleased Him who doeth all things well that my friend should go before. If, as I believe, we shall know each other in the future state, it will, I pray, be permitted me to join him in the blessed abode vouchsafed to him by the pure and faithful use of the talents committed to his care."

Though a member of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Davis

cared little for denominational creeds. He was a religious cosmopolitan—at home in any religious assembly. His faith was less emotional than intellectual and practical. Impatience and intolerance, temperamental faults of early life, disappeared in later life. "With age I have gained wisdom and lost hauteur," he wrote to a friend. The iron discipline of prison and of later misfortunes strengthened and deepened his spiritual nature. The old warrior and statesman passed through a long and stormy life to a serene and happy ending.

IN TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY DECCA LAMAR WEST, WACO, TEX.

Of all the celebrations of June 3, 1927, which were held in love and loyal memory of Jefferson Davis, perhaps none was so significant as that of the dedication at Brownsville, Tex., of a huge natural boulder of Texas gray granite erected by the General Association of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The boulder was designed to commemorate the service of Jefferson Davis (Colonel, U. S. A.) to the United States, and especially his landing at Point Isabel (eighteen miles distant), commanding Mississippi troops in 1846, from which point he marched into Mexico and was acclaimed the hero of the battles of Buena Vista and Monterey, which culminated in the victory of the United States in the War with Mexico.

The boulder, in its natural state from the mountains, of Llano County, Tex., rests on a group of smaller boulders, and in its side is embedded a handsome bronze tablet engraved as follows:

"COMMEMORATING THE SERVICES
TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OF
JEFFERSON DAVIS, PRESIDENT C. S. A.
GRADUATED WEST POINT, 1828
SERVED ON INDIAN FRONTIER, 1828-1835
UNITED STATES CONGRESS, 1845-1846
U. S. A. COL. COMMANDING MISS. TROOPS
LANDED POINT ISABEL, TEX., 1846
HERO OF BUENA VISTA AND MONTEREY
DECLINED POST BRIGADIER GENL., U. S. A.
SECRETARY OF WAR, 1853-1857
U. S. SENATOR (MISS.) 1849-'51-'57-'61 (RESIGNED)
SOLDIER—STATESMAN—MARTYR
ERECTED 1926
BY
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY"

On each upper corner of the tablet is carved a United States and a Confederate flag, the latter and the words "President C. S. A." after his name being the only record of Confederate service, which of itself was service to these United States, paradoxical as it may sound, for the War between the States was fought to maintain the Constitution of the United States. The active members of the U. D. C. will recall that, at the suggestion of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, the Birmingham convention voted an appropriation for the erection of this boulder. The committee, which is composed of Mesdames Peter Youree, of Louisiana; James H. Parker, of New York; B. A. Blemer, of Virginia; Mrs. Gustave Mertins, of Montgomery, Ala.; Mrs. Oscar Barthold, of Texas; and Miss Decca Lamar West, of Texas, formulated their plans and were ready to let the contract the first year, but certain litigation prevented the securing of a desirable site until last year. "All's well that ends

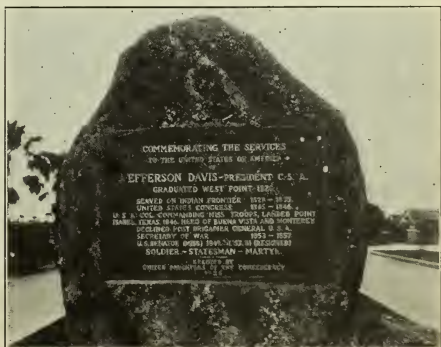
well," and we will not recount the five years of active service and thousands of letters required to bring the happy consummation. To their deep regret, not a member of the Boulder Committee found it possible to be present at the unveiling, which was a beautiful ceremony.

As the memorial stands at the intersecting of the Jefferson Davis Highway and a magnificent boulevard just in front of Junior and Senior High Schools, of Brownsville, it is an object lesson, and unique in the fact that there is not a rock in Cameron County.

The ceremony of presenting the boulder to the State of Texas by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was in charge of the State President, Mrs. Forrest Farley, of Austin, assisted by the Board McGruder Chapter, Mrs. Joe K. Wells, President. State, county, and city accepted the memorial as a sacred trust. The United Daughters of the Confederacy chose their Third Vice President General, Miss Katie Daffan, to present the boulder to the State, and it would have been difficult to find a happier choice. A magnetic speaker of rare ability, a pioneer in U. D. C. work, a daughter of Hood's Brigade, imbued from her infancy with reverence, and trained in active service for Confederate veterans, Miss Daffan truly represents all for which the organization stands. The memorial was accepted for the State by Col. Tom Ball, of Houston, officially representing the young governor of Texas, and a famous orator; County Judge Oscar H. Dancy, a son of a Confederate veteran and distinguished Southern lineage, spoke on behalf of Cameron County; Judge William S. West, representing the city of Brownsville, paid glowing tribute to the leader of the Confederacy as a type of "Southern Gentleman." Judge West is a son of the late Judge Charles Shannon West, of Camden, S. C., who emigrated to Texas in the early fifties. He was a major on Gen. Kirby Smith's staff during the entire War between the States, and later died while the ranking member of the Supreme Court of Texas.

One of Brownsville's foremost citizens and of the well-known historians and speakers of Texas, the Hon. Herbert Davenport, reviewed the life of Jefferson Davis, emphasizing his service to the United States particularly in the war with Mexico. It was all doubly interesting from the fact that the place was in almost a stone's throw of Point Isabel, Fort Brown, and the scene of the last battle of the Confederacy.

The boulder is indeed fittingly placed and is daily viewed by thousands of tourists in their journey to the magic Valley of the Rio Grande, and it marks the most southern point of the Jefferson Davis National Highway—the "Road of Remembrance."



TENNESSEE IN THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

COMPILED BY MRS. A. R. DODSON, HISTORIAN TENNESSEE
DIVISION, U. D. C.

"This is the message that came from the dead,
This is the light down the path where he led:
'Be sure you are right—then go ahead.'"

Tennessee patriotism has caused it to be named the Volunteer State. Tennessee was the first State carved out of the territory of the United States. Tennessee was the last State to secede from the Union, the first State to return. It was Tennessee troops who turned the tide in the Revolutionary War at King's Mountain, assisted by troops from Virginia, North and South Carolina. Tennessee furnished more than the troops she was asked for in the war with Mexico, and she gave to the Confederate army some 115,000 men.

The Provisional Congress of the Confederate States convened at Richmond, Va., in August, 1861, with the following representatives from Tennessee: Judge Robert L. Caruthers, Col. John F. House, Hon. David M. Currin, Hon. Thomas L. Jones, and Col. William DeWitt.

Tennessee furnished two Senators and twenty-one Representatives for the Confederate congresses. In this list were prominent lawyers and other professional men who have helped to make the history of the State one of achievement and action in many phases of life, records of which the citizens of each generation since the founding of the State have been and will continue to be justly proud.

SENATORS.

Gustavus Adolphus Henry, known as the "Eagle Orator of the South," was born at Cherry, Scott County, Ky., October 8, 1804, being the eleventh child and the ninth son of Gen. and Mrs. William Henry. His father was a native of Charlotte County, Va., and a relative of Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame. He was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., and graduated from that institution in 1825, receiving first honors. In 1833, he was married to Miss Marion McClure, a noted beauty of Clarksville, Tenn., and moved to that city and made his home, becoming prominent in political life. At the outbreak of the War between the States, he joined his destiny with his beloved adopted State of Tennessee, which seceded from the Union on June 8, 1861. Shortly afterwards Mr. Henry was elected to the first regular Congress of the Confederate States, and on February 18, 1862, he took his seat in the Confederate Senate at Richmond, Va.

President Davis called on him to make a speech, after the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, to the people, from his high standpoint in the Confederate Congress, for the purpose of inspiring them and raising their drooping spirits, and this speech, so full of fervid eloquence and so powerful, was at the conclusion listened to with rapt attention by a group which was drawn irresistibly from their seats in the Senate Chamber.

Landon C. Haynes was born at Elizabethton, Carter County, Tenn., December 2, 1816. He was educated at Washington College, East Tennessee, and graduated at the age of twenty, with first honors of his class. He read law in the office of Thomas A. R. Nelson, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He was a brilliant speaker, having inherited traits, and his natural and cultivated powers as a speaker qualified him to follow the line of his aspirations.

In 1844 he was a Polk elector in the First Congressional District. From 1847-49 he served in the Lower House of legislature, and was elected speaker of the House of Repre-

sentatives. In 1860 Haynes was a Breckinridge elector for the State at large, and made for himself a reputation, while canvassing, of an eloquent speaker and effective debater.

To the latter fact is due the election of this distinguished man to the Confederate Senate in October, 1861, when he was elected for the long term, with Gustavus A. Henry as his colleague, both serving till the war closed.

Mr. Haynes moved to Memphis after the war and engaged in the practice of law. He died there on February 17, 1875.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Meredith P. Gentry, distinguished orator and statesman, was born on September 15, 1809, in the county of Rockingham, N. C. But the most conspicuous part of the great drama of his life, and which entitled him to a high place in his country's history, was performed in Tennessee. Both of these States are proud of his fame.

He was the youngest of twelve children. His mother, Theodosia Poindexter Gentry, was a woman of great beauty, quick perception, and sound judgment. His father bought a home in the rich lands of Williamson County, Tenn., at a place known as College Grove.

At an early age he was elected captain of a military company, and in 1835 he was elected to the State Legislature and made an enviable record as a speaker. He was always recognized as a born leader. He was elected to the Congress of the Confederacy, in 1862, and again in 1863. He was then in failing health and spirits, and with the waning fortunes of the Confederacy he was despondent over the outlook for the establishment of the Confederacy on a permanent basis. After the collapse of the government the last hope for the future of the South, and a little more than two years later, on November 2, 1867, he died at the home of one of his daughters.

Alexander H. Stephens paid this beautiful tribute to his memory and character: "No profounder philanthropist, no one more devoted to constitutional liberty ever lived in this or any other country."

Hon. John V. Wright was one of the most distinguished Democratic politicians of the State and an eminent member of the bar. He served three terms in the Federal and two in the Confederate Congresses. In 1860, he was gubernatorial nominee for Tennessee.

He was born in McNairy County, June 28, 1828. His first aspirations were for the law, and, in 1851, he was admitted to the bar at Purdy, Tenn. His brilliant talents were recognized, and he was called to public life. Even as early as 1855, he made a national reputation as an eloquent speaker, though only twenty-seven years old.

When the War between the States began, he organized a company in McNairy County for Confederate service and was elected captain. This company was merged into the 13th Tennessee Infantry at Jackson, Tenn., and Captain Wright was unanimously elected its colonel and continued in command until he was notified of his election to the Confederate Congress, when he resigned to take his seat at Richmond, Va., where he served till the close of the war. He then located in Alabama, but removed to Winchester in 1868, and, in 1870, to Columbia, to pursue the practice of law. In 1876, he was appointed by Gov. James D. Porter as Judge of the Circuit Court, serving as Special Chancellor, and he sat on the Supreme Bench as Special Judge. Judge Wright was of Scotch-Irish extraction. His wife, to whom he was married on November 23, 1868, at Eutaw, Ala., was Miss Georgia Hays, noted for her beauty and intellectual qualities.

John D. C. Atkins was born on June 4, 1825, in Henry

County, Tenn. He was graduated from the East Tennessee University in 1846, with the first honors of his class. He then studied law, but never practiced, preferring the life of a politician, being a staunch Democrat. In 1849-51 he was elected to the Tennessee Legislature; in 1855, elected to the Senate, and was President of the State convention in 1856; then was chosen as one of the Presidential electors on the Buchanan ticket. In 1857, he was elected to Congress.

Mr. Atkins was a delegate at large in 1860 to the Charleston and Baltimore conventions, where he labored earnestly for a compromise which should preserve the unity and integrity of the Democratic party. In the momentous campaign which followed, he canvassed a large part of the State as a candidate for elector on the Breckinridge ticket.

When the war of the sixties broke out, he promptly enlisted and was elected lieutenant colonel of the 5th Tennessee infantry. While in service, though absent from home, he was elected in August, 1861, to the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, and was chosen representative in the Permanent Congress, and continued in office by reelection in 1863, by the votes of the soldiers of the district. He served in the Confederate Congress with ability on several committees, and was undoubtedly the leading member of the House from Tennessee. After the war, he was elected to the 43rd Congress of the United States, and by continued reelections served for six terms, noted for his leadership ability always.

Among those professional men of Tennessee in the Confederate Congress deserving a special tribute was Col. Arthur St. Clair Colyar, a self-made, self-educated lawyer, who was born in Washington County, Tenn., June 28, 1818. He was a citizen of whom all could feel proud, and his attainments and talents were always used for the betterment of his fellow citizens.

He opposed secession, but in 1861 was appointed as a member of the Confederate Congress and served till 1865.

After the war closed, he organized the Tennessee Coal and Railroad Company, becoming its president, was also engaged in manufacturing, and did much to develop the resources of the State.

One of Tennessee's most distinguished judges and ablest lawyers, Judge E. L. Gardenhire, was a native of this State, born in Overton County, November, 1815. He attended Clinton College in Smith County, and taught at Livingston College.

He was elected, in August, 1849, State Senator from Fentress, Overton, Jackson, White, and Van Buren counties, and served in the Legislature of 1849-50. In November, 1861, he was elected to the Confederate Congress, serving in the sessions of 1862-63. Judge Gardenhire was always a Democrat, and represented his State at the Cincinnati Convention, which, in 1856, elected Buchanan as President.

In fraternal circles he was a Master Mason. His editorial experience was in publishing the *Mountain Democrat* at Sparta, in 1856-57.

As a proof of his loyalty to his home town, he was a practitioner of law there for forty years, and his character was emphasized by his faithfulness to duty, his candor, and his just dealings with all men.

The life and record, both patriotically and politically, of Hon. Thomas M. Jones, stands out preëminently in Tennessee history.

He was born December 16, 1816, in North Carolina, but while an infant his parents took him to Giles County, Tenn., and at Pulaski he attended Wirtgenburg Academy in 1831, then was at the University of Alabama till 1833, later spending some time at the University of Virginia.

In 1845 he was elected to the Tennessee House of Representatives and was State Senator from Giles and Maury counties, and he was elected in 1861 to the Confederate Congress, serving until after the fall of Fort Donelson. He then declined reelection preferring to be with the army.

He resumed his law practice in Pulaski after the war. He was repeatedly mayor of Pulaski, and among other offices he was president of the Board of Trustees of Giles College, vestrman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, director in the old Planters' Bank for eighteen years, and a member of the Masonic fraternity.

He never had any great fondness for politics, though he was strong and decided in his views, and the key to his success was his strict adherence to duty. He was also noted for his charity and hospitality.

To Williamson County, Tenn., belongs the signal honor of having as one of its representative citizens the Hon. John F. House, whose birth occurred at the old homestead on January 9, 1827. The basis of his education was acquired under the tuition of Edwin Paschall, and afterwards he entered Transylvania University, near Lexington, Ky. In Lebanon, Tenn., he was a law student, and, after finishing his course there, went to Franklin to practice law. While there he married Miss Julia F. Beech, and they settled in Clarksville.

Early in 1861 he was chosen as delegate to the Confederate Congress, was elected, and served till February, 1862, having declined to be a candidate for the Permanent Congress.

He joined the Confederate army and was assigned to the staff of Gen. George Maney and participated in many important battles; was paroled in Mississippi, in June, 1865. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention meeting in New York, and in 1874, he was nominated for Congress from the Nashville District by acclamation, and took his seat in 1875; was renominated in 1876-78-80.

Hon. William H. DeWitt was born October 24, 1827, in Smith County, Tenn., and was well known in the legal and political history of the State. Educated near Chapel Hill, where he studied under Rev. John M. Barnes, an old-time educator, he afterwards taught at Montpelier Academy, at Gainesboro, Tenn. He represented Smith, Macon, and Sumner counties in the House of Representatives in 1855-56, and, in 1861, was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention. In August, 1861, he was elected to the Confederate Congress.

In addition to his attainments as a lawyer, Judge DeWitt's literary culture has been highly appreciated, and he was often called on to make memorial addresses. He stood in the front ranks in the highest courts of the State and nation, and on account of his splendid attainments in the legal world.

Hon. Thomas Meneses, M.D., was distinguished for rank in the medical profession and also for high political favor, as well as being the oldest representative of a family that assisted in laying the foundations of the civil and social fabric of Middle Tennessee. Of sterling Scotch ancestry, he was born June 26, 1823, at Mansker's Creek, Davidson County, Tenn., and reared in Robertson County till 1862. The original way of spelling his name was McNeese.

He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and served in the Confederate Congress from 1861-63.

In October, 1865, having been a member of the Confederate Congress and a refugee from his native State for four years, he returned to Nashville to resume his medical profession, in which he was not less brilliant than in his political record.

(Continued on page 438.)



Sketches in this department are given a half column of space without charge; extra space will be charged at 20 cents a line. Engravings \$3.00 each.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, CHATHAM, VA.

Boat ahoy! whither bound,
Sailing the wintry main?
Seeking a fair haven
In both sunshine and rain,
To enter the blest Port,
Never to leave again!

And if this be the last
Milepost along life's way
To greet my earthly eyes,
Help me, dear Lord, to say,
"Glory, hallelujah!"
When fades the light of day.

No fear shall haunt me when
On Jordan's banks I stand,
And hear my Saviour's voice
And grasp his pierced hand,
That will safely lead me
To Heaven's happy land.

CAPT. DAVID C. SCALES.

David Campbell Scales, a comrade of Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn., died in that city on the night of October 1, at the age of eighty-four years. He had been a dominant figure in affairs of the Methodist Church, of which he had been a member for more than fifty years, serving in an official capacity each Church with which he was connected.

He was born at Triune, Tenn., April 14, 1843, and received his education at the Hardeman Academy there and at the Campbell Academy in Lebanon, until his studies were interrupted by the call to arms. In April, 1861, he enlisted with patriotic fervor in Company B, of the 20th Tennessee Infantry. He was at the battle of Fishing Creek, after which he was detailed for service under the division quartermaster, which he accepted with the understanding that when his regiment went into battle, he was to return to the ranks. When the army moved against Grant at Corinth, he was stationed at Iuka, but by riding all night he was able to reach his regiment for the battle of Shiloh, in which he took an active part and was thrice wounded. While a comrade was bandaging the second wound, a shell burst between them, killing the comrade and knocking him senseless. From this wound he was disabled until November, 1862, when he reenlisted in the 11th Tennessee Cavalry and began a gallant career under Forrest and Wheeler. He was captured at Franklin, Tenn., in 1863, and sent to Fort Delaware for eighteen months. After being exchanged, he was transferred to Col. D. C.

Kelley's regiment under Forrest, with which he served to the end, surrendering at Sumterville, Ala.

After the war, Comrade Scales was engaged in business in Arkansas until 1874, when he located in Nashville, and was in active business until his retirement some twenty years ago. He was married in 1880 to Miss Grace Hillman, and five children were born to them. She survives him with a son and a daughter.

Captain Scales was ever loyal to the cause for which he had fought and interested in the welfare of his comrades in arms. Each year he met with the survivors of the old Twentieth Regiment at their annual reunion in Nashville, and for their picnic dinner he furnished the famous "Dalton pies," which were in high favor with the Confederates while at Dalton, Ga. His was the moving spirit of these gatherings, and he will be sadly missed when they come together again, and by his comrades everywhere. He was a Mason for over a half century, a Knight Templar, and a Shriner.

REV. JOHN K. HITNER.

Rev. John Kennedy Hitner, whose death occurred at his home in Huntington, W. Va., on September 23, was born at Carlisle, Pa., January 25, 1839, and had thus nearly completed his eighty-eighth year. After a few years in business, he settled in Virginia, where he had inherited property from both parents, and he then attended the University of Virginia. After teaching for a year, he entered the Union Theological Seminary in Prince Edward County, and with other students from that place, in March, 1862, he enlisted, at Richmond, Va., in the Rockbridge Artillery. Under Stonewall Jackson he served in the Valley Campaign, then was engaged in battles around Richmond—Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, where he was struck three times and severely wounded. Owing to erysipelas from the wound, he was placed in the "dead room" of the Richmond hospital and saw twenty men die around him in one night. The Lord spared his life, as the surgeon kindly told him, and he rejoined his command after the battle of Gettysburg, but was not able to be with it at the evacuation of Richmond nor the surrender at Appomattox. He took part in some twenty of the pitched battles of the four years of war, and never had a fur-lough except for physical disability.

After the war he taught for a while, then finished his theological studies at the Union Seminary in 1868 and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, serving in the home mission work of the Church, and for over fifty-six years in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and West Virginia, he devoted himself to the plain, rough life of the home mission field of the Presbyterian Church. He married, in 1873, Miss Phœby Broderick, of Maysville, Ky., with whom he lived a long and happy life of more than fifty years.

J. L. FLETCHER.

Comrade J. L. Fletcher, a member of Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., Birmingham, Ala., died May 18, 1927. He was born in Limestone County, Ala., on June 25, 1845; he joined the Confederate army in June, 1863, and was a member of Company C, 9th Alabama Cavalry, Wheeler's Corps. He served in all the duties of his regiment until he was detailed to go to North Alabama to secure recruits in April, 1865, and was paroled in Huntsville on May 13, 1865, by General Granger.

Comrade Fletcher was a very active member of the Camp, and did all in his power for the interest of his comrades. He was buried in his uniform of gray, and the coffin was draped with the Confederate flag.

[R. E. Wiggins, a comrade.]

CHARLES M. MCCLELLAN.

The Cherokee Brigade, of the Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., has lost one of its strongest supporters and the Division one of its most loyal Southerners in the passing of Charles M. McClellan, on June 4, 1927.

He was born March 12, 1845, near Cane Hill, Ark., and lived there until sixteen years of age. In 1862 he enlisted in the 12th Arkansas Infantry, and served the Confederacy to the final surrender at Shreveport, La., in 1865. He was in nearly all the battles and heavy skirmishes in Arkansas and Louisiana, and made a first-class soldier. When peace came and he returned to find all in ruins, he crossed the line into the Cherokee Nation and married Miss Jennie Foreman, a beautiful Cherokee maiden. Three children survive of that union. In 1912, he was married, at Blackwell, Okla., to Mrs. Minnie Howard, who was born and reared in Kentucky. He was a true and loving husband and father.

In his early manhood, Comrade McClellan joined the Presbyterian Church and was a loyal member, ever ready to help the unfortunate. He and his wife always attended the Confederate reunions and had returned from Tampa just a few days when he began to break down.

I knew Comrade McClellan intimately for many years, and our organization has lost one of its faithful adherents, his community and State a worthy citizen.

[R. B. Coleman, Historian, Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.]

L. C. PRIDMORE.

Levi Columbus Pridmore, a resident of Oregon for the past forty years, died at his home in Springfield, Oregon, August 26, 1927. He was a farmer of that section, retired for the past few years, and an honored and respected citizen.

Mr. Pridmore was born in Prince William County, Va., near Manassas. He enlisted in the Confederate service when not seventeen years of age, and was a loyal follower of Lee throughout the bitter conflict. He was active in many battles, including the second battle of Manassas, the Wilderness, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. He was slightly wounded in action twice, and was taken prisoner in the last year of the war, confined in Washington, D. C., and at Fort Delaware Prison, where he was when the war ended.

Comrade Pridmore was married to Miss Ella S. Kintzley, soon after going West, who survives him with one son and two daughters. Four sisters and four brothers have gone before. Three of his older brothers served in the Confederate army, one being promoted to a lieutenant. Interment was at Mount Vernon Cemetery near Springfield.

HENRY C. WYSOR.

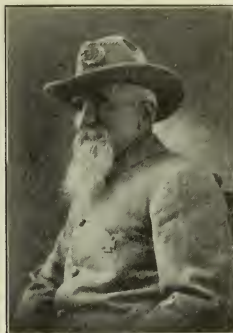
Henry C. Wysor, of Dublin, Va., a veteran of Company F, 54th Virginia Infantry, passed over to the grand reunion on August 7, 1927, after a long illness. He would have been eighty years old on October 21. His had been a most useful, active life up to his seventy-fifth year, successful in business, having been with Gen. W. B. Freeman, of Richmond, and one of the oldest in point of service of the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, and very greatly honored and esteemed by its management.

Henry Wysor's first service for the Confederacy was at the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, when, as a lad, he attached himself to the 45th Virginia and did notable service with his hair-trigger mountain rifle. Later he was with the 54th Virginia to the close of the war. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church of Dublin, and an officer in it, and in its cemetery he was laid to rest by the side of the beloved wife, whose death five years ago was his greatest sorrow.

[J. M. Weiser, Adjutant Pulaski Camp, No. 88, C. V.]

ROBERT WESTBROOK HALL.

On July 28, 1927, Robert Westbrook Hall entered upon his eternal rest after an active life of eighty-seven years. He



R. W. HALL.

died in Emporia, Va., at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Cato. After funeral service at the Baptist Church there, his body, clad in the Confederate gray, was laid away in the family burying ground in Brunswick County.

Comrade Hall was born in Brunswick County, Va., May 15, 1840, the son of Clement D. Hall and Louisa Andrews, of Sussex County. He spent nearly his entire life in his native county, but for more than three years had made his home with his daughter at Emporia. In

February, 1867, he was married to Miss Sarah J. Ross, of Brunswick County, who died some years ago. To this happy union were born eight children, four sons and four daughters, all surviving him, with seventeen grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, Robert Hall left home with the Brunswick Guards, which was assigned as Company A, of the 5th Virginia Battalion. He was later transferred to Company H, 53rd Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division. He was in the battles of Second Manassas, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, and other great engagements. Though he was at Gettysburg, he was not in the famous charge, having been ordered to other duty. He was captured at Five Forks and held as a prisoner at Point Lookout until June 16, 1865, when he was released on parole. No braver soldier ever did battle for the cause he believed to be right and just.

At the close of war, he returned home with a record of brave and faithful service and with the firm resolve to uphold the honor of his beloved South during the trying days of Reconstruction and to do his part toward her restoration from the ravages of war. His faith in the South never wavered, and he always retained a deep interest in his comrades and the Confederate organizations and reunions. He united with the Baptist Church in 1865, and to the end his daily life strikingly illustrated his religion.

Nobility of character, sterling integrity, fidelity to trust, devotion to duty, and undaunted courage were his dominant characteristics. He loved his home and was deeply devoted to his family. His cheerful and unselfish disposition, his generosity of heart, and his sincerity of purpose won and held for him a large circle of ardent friends and admirers.

As a soldier, citizen, and Christian, his life was above reproach, and its influence remains as a precious heritage to those whom he has left, filling their hearts with hallowed memories and blessing their lives with such inspiration as guides to the life eternal.

"Ah! how vain are words to say

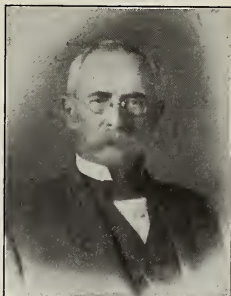
Our love for those who wore the gray;

You gave your all, your lifeblood too,

Your country's need was met by you."

G. L. SALLEY.

George Lawrence Salley was born in the southwestern section of Orangeburg County, S. C., on February 28, 1847, the son of Nathaniel Moss and Sheldonia Bull Salley. He was educated at the old-fashioned neighborhood schools of his day and at the Poplar Springs Academy, one of the many academies of the Old South which furnished secondary education in that period. He came of a long line of men and women connected with the civic interests of the State. His father was a Confederate soldier; his grandfather, George Elmore Salley, was State senator from Orangeburg County, and his great-grandfather, Samuel Jones, a native of Connecticut, was for many years clerk of court of Orangeburg County.



GEORGE LAWRENCE SALLEY.

George Salley was old enough to serve in the Confederate army toward the end of the war. He entered the service in July, 1864, at the age of seventeen, and was assigned to Company D, 7th South Carolina Battalion. His command served in South Carolina and Virginia and surrendered in North Carolina with Joseph E. Johnston. After the war he settled a farm near his father's old home, and in 1875 was married to Miss Mattie Susan Stokes, of Rural Retreat, in Barnwell County. To this union were born three sons and three daughters, who, with their mother, survive him.

To record George L. Salley's connection with the life of his community and county is to record a considerable part of the history of old Orangeburg. During Reconstruction days he took an active part in the work of the Red Shirts. In recognition of his public service, he was made supervisor of registration of Orangeburg County, the duties of which office he performed with satisfaction to his fellow citizens during those days when the struggle for white supremacy centered in the registration of voters. He carried this responsibility from 1883 to 1893, when he became clerk of the court of Orangeburg County, which position he held for thirty years, when he resigned because of ill health. He was peculiarly honored in his long political experience by his fellow citizens in that they returned him to office for eight successive terms. From 1891 to 1893, Mr. Salley was secretary and treasurer of the Farmers' Alliance Warehouse of Orangeburg.

It would be an oversight not to record his connection with Church affairs. He was a member of Zion Methodist Church, on the Edisto Circuit, from 1876 till he moved to Orangeburg in 1909. For many years he was recording secretary of Zion Church. After moving to Orangeburg he identified himself with St. Paul's Methodist Church. He was always interested in the welfare and usefulness of his Church, and his home was ever open to the pastor in charge.

As a neighbor, Mr. Salley was ready to help anyone in need, and usually no one but the benefactor knew of the help he rendered. One of his most striking characteristics was his habit of genial and sympathetic conversation with those who came in contact with him; they felt free to talk over their troubles with their old neighbor and friend.

To his family he leaves the legacy of a good name and the

tradition of noble conduct. With the help of his good wife he gave his children an education, and toward them he was always patient to a fault. His children recall in him a thousand and one ways in which he showed sympathy and affectionate forbearance toward them and their interests. His kindly spirit and gentle presence are sorely missed from the household.

On September 3, 1927, this gentleman of the old school passed away. After a long life of usefulness to county and State, he has lain down to rest. He will be missed by all who knew him—the many friends of neighborhood, county, and State, those loyal colleagues who gave him their confidence across the years.

JOHN S. YOUNG.

At his home in Nettleton, Miss., on July 13, 1927, John S. Young aged eighty-nine years, passed into eternal rest. He was a native of South Carolina, going with his father's family to Mississippi when a young man. Before he had attained his majority, he enlisted as a soldier in the Confederate army with Company C, 12th Mississippi Regiment, which was a part of Ferguson's Cavalry. He served four years and bore an honorable record as a soldier. Returning home, he began life without property, and by his energy and thrift soon accumulated the means with which to purchase a good home.

Comrade Young was married to Miss Viola Rutledge, of Arkansas, more than fifty years ago, and they reared a large family, which has honored and blessed them. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and took an active part in its affairs. His home life was devoted to rearing his children in the Christian faith, and in his association with his neighbors he was generous to a fault; no one ever appealed to him for aid in vain. He was held in the highest esteem and his passing is deeply regretted.

For more than twenty years, Comrade Young owned the hotel at Nettleton, which was a place of comfort and genial hospitality. His wife, four sons, and five daughters survive him.

After funeral services at the home, he was laid to rest in Providence Cemetery, attended by many friends and relatives.

E. M. KIRKPATRICK.

Edward McCree Kirkpatrick passed away at his home in Greenville, Ala., in September, 1927, after months of failing health. He was a citizen of Greenville from early manhood. He was reared ten miles east of this place, a son of James M. Kirkpatrick, of a family esteemed for sturdy Christian character and sterling principles. His life was an example of worth and goodness. He was a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and had held positions of trust in the Church, being honored and loved by his coworkers.

Mr. Kirkpatrick was too young to enlist in the early part of the Confederate struggle, but served at home as an assistant in the "Tax and Kind." He was an efficient druggist, and from his early manhood followed that work, and was held in high esteem in his profession. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mollie Posey, a son, and two daughters. Four grandchildren are also left, and one brother, Julius Kirkpatrick, of Ragan, Tex.

After the funeral at the Presbyterian Church, his body was laid away in Magnolia Cemetery, attended by a large number of friends and relatives. No more highly esteemed citizen has ever lived in Greenville. Modest, kind, accommodating and faithful to friendships, he had no enemies and numbered his friends by all who knew him. He will be sadly missed.

LIEUT. JOHN L. DISMUKES.

John L. Dismukes, prominent citizen of Nashville, Tenn., died in that city on the morning of September 30, following a brief illness. He was born in Davidson County, March 4, 1844, at the place on the Gallatin Pike where his father settled when he went to Tennessee from Virginia.

In April, 1861, at the age of seventeen years, young Dismukes enlisted as a private in Company B, 18th Tennessee Regiment, with which he participated in the fighting at Fort Donelson, and was there surrendered. He was sent to the prison at Camp Butler, Ill., but escaped some six weeks later and returned to Tennessee. On the way to rejoin his regiment at Iuka, Miss., he joined fortunes with Morgan's cavalry command, until the disaster at Lebanon, after which he got back to his regiment, under General Bragg, in time to take part in the battle of Murfreesboro, where the 18th Tennessee was distinguished in the charge with Breckinridge's Division on January 2, 1863. At Chickamauga, for heroism in saving the flag as it fell from the hands of the wounded color bearer and carrying it forward, he was promoted to ensign of the regiment, with rank of first lieutenant. In the official report of Brown's Brigade on the battle of Chickamauga, it is stated that "on Sunday morning, September 20, when the brigade was ordered forward, but forced to fall back by a most galling fire from the enemy's artillery, Sergt. Isaac A. Looney and Private John L. Dismukes continued to advance some hundred yards to a house within fifty yards of the enemy's guns and fired at the gunners until the next brigade came up." He served with the 18th Tennessee at Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Resaca, New Hope Church, and to the close of the Atlanta campaign, after which he was transferred to the 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. Samuel P. Carter, with which he served as second lieutenant until wounded in the leg at the battle of Franklin. He surrendered with Forrest's command at Gainesville, Ala.

Returning to his home at Nashville, Lieutenant Dismukes engaged in the wholesale hat business in 1870, which became one of the most prominent and successful wholesale establishments of the city. He was actively connected with it to the end.

Comrade Dismukes was married to Miss Andrea Russell Humes, of Knoxville, who died last June. Two daughters and a son survive him. He was a vestryman of Christ Episcopal Church at Nashville, and for many years junior warden there; was chairman of the building committee when the new church was erected.

WILLIAM B. SOMERVILLE.

William B. Somerville, one of the leading citizens of the Alleville community in Pickens County, Ala., and an esteemed Confederate veteran, passed away at his home near that city on July 9, 1927, being in his eightieth year. He had lived all his life in this community, was well known throughout Pickens County, and had served the people of the county as tax collector for one term.

At the early age of sixteen years he enlisted in the ranks of the Confederate army and served from his enlistment throughout the remainder of the war in the company of Captain Baskins, under the command of General Forrest. After the cessation of hostilities, he returned to his father's home to assist in the rehabilitation of the Southland. He was married in 1875 to Miss Mollie Archibald, and to them were born several children, who, with their mother, still survive. Soon after marriage he removed to Franconia, Ala., where the family still resides.

Mr. Somerville, when but a lad, identified himself with the Presbyterian Church and was an honored officer of his Church and clerk of its Session for years, and it was in the Church which he loved so well that his friends gathered in large concourse to pay their last respects to his memory. His body now rests in Oak Grove Cemetery.

[Mrs. Willie Gardner.]

: MRS. CORA PRITCHARTT WILLIAMS.

The Shenandoah Chapter, as well as the Virginia Division, U. D. C., suffered an irreparable loss in the death at her home in Woodstock, Va., on August 12, 1927, of Mrs. Cora Pritchartt Williams, widow of Gen. James H. Williams, who was one of the notable lawyers of the Shenandoah Valley and a gallant Confederate soldier.

Mrs. Williams's death came at the ripe age of eighty-seven, and her service for the Southland began with her employment in the Confederate Treasury, where as a girl, she was given the important task of signing and registering bonds of the Confederacy.

Her devotion to the cause whose sun went down at Appomattox was evidenced by her never-flagging efforts to keep alive the memories of the South and instill into the hearts and minds of Southern youth the principles for which their fathers died and the heroic sacrifices of the hosts of Lee and Jackson.

Possessing a brilliant mind and an enviable aptitude for writing, Mrs. Williams was peculiarly fitted for her chosen work, and to her zeal and initiative is due the organization of Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C. The State organization realized her ability and appreciated her unfailing interests in the Daughters of the Confederacy, and for a time she served as Treasurer of the Virginia Division.

She contributed frequently to periodicals and papers and was a member of the American League of Penwomen, among whom she numbered many distinguished friends.

The *Winchester Star*, in chronicling her death, said: "Her retentive memory, coupled with a remarkable mind, gave her a prestige which her associates enjoyed, and even in the shadow of death she retained the brilliancy which marked her other years. Loved and respected by her townsmen, her life was a benediction to those who knew her, and the great number of floral tributes attested the sympathy felt at her death."

Mrs. Williams was a native of Fairfax County, and a member of an old Virginia family. For years she made her home in Winchester, but in 1883 came to Woodstock, where her husband soon became one of the leaders of the Shenandoah County bar.

Tribute was paid her in suitable resolutions passed at a meeting of the Shenandoah Chapter, U. D. C., in which her worth and example as a member was expressed, in part, as follows: "It is with saddened hearts that we are called upon to record the death of one so beloved as this gifted and loyal member of our U. D. C. Chapter, through whose untiring efforts its organization was effected. As its first President, she gave unstintingly of her time and talents until compelled by ill health to retire. The title of Honorary President was then conferred upon her."

Funeral services were conducted in Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Woodstock. Her love for this Church was crystalized in the great work she accomplished in the reestablishing of the Episcopal Church in Woodstock after a lapse of years, when the congregation was without a church, and she lived to see the fruition of her unselfish efforts in the beautiful edifice from which she was borne to the tomb.

United Daughters of the Confederacy

"Love Makes Memory Eternal"

MRS. ST. JOHN ALISON LAWTON, *President General*
Charleston, S. C.

MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE, Charleston, W. Va. *First Vice President General*
MRS. P. H. P. LANE, Philadelphia, Pa. *Second Vice President General*
186 Bethlehem Pike
MISS KATIE DAFFAN, Ennis, Tex. *Third Vice President General*
MRS. L. M. BASHINSKY, Troy, Ala. *Recording Secretary General*
MRS. FRED C. KOLMAN, New Orleans, La. *Corresponding Secretary General*
4620 South Derbigny Street

MRS. B. A. BLENNER, Richmond, Va. *Treasurer General*
Rural Route No. 2
MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, Louisville, Ky. *Historian General*
74 Weissinger-Gaulbert
MRS. J. P. HIGGINS, St. Louis, Mo. *Registrar General*
5330 Pershing
MRS. R. P. HOLT, Rocky Mount, N. C. *Custodian of Crosses*
MRS. JACKSON BRANDT, Baltimore, Md. *Custodian of Flags and Pennants*

All communications for this Department should be sent *direct* to Mrs. A. C. Foré, Official Editor, Clifton Forge, Va.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: Two years have rolled around, and it becomes the duty of the President General to write to the organization her last letter as its official head.

In some ways the time has seemed long and the work difficult; from other standpoints, it seems only the other day that the first letter was written outlining policies and defining work to be carried forward.

The report of the President General to the convention in November will show much accomplished by the members of this organization during the last twelve months alone. Since these things are the achievements of the Daughters and not of any one officer, it is with great satisfaction and gratitude that a steady growth and development may be noted.

The organization, as a majestic tree, has become more firmly rooted, more solidly grounded in its objects and purposes, in its confidence in itself. A cold and piercing north wind may beat against it for a time, but it passes, and the old tree settles itself more firmly than before.

Those airy individuals, like plants which have no root in themselves but suck the blood of the tree, find comfort upon the branches for awhile, but they soon fall away.

The old tree also furnishes good exercise for climbers, but they, like their airy and rootless sisters, fall to the ground sooner or later.

The sunshine of heaven and the showers sweet have pierced to the roots of the tree and have given health and strength and a firm growth until it stands forth a great Memorial Tree, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

To the loyal and devoted women who have helped the work of this dignified and historic organization for the past two years, the thanks of the President General are given in no unstinted measure.

While the organization is theirs as well as hers, and they work for a cause in which they believe, and not for any officer, it nevertheless follows that it is pleasing and gratifying to have an administration upheld.

When we see the thirty-four Confederate women receiving monthly their check from the Treasurer General, which eases somewhat for them the hard things of their declining years; when we see true history supplanting the false, and brilliant, powerful men of the North requesting conferences with the women of the organization and with their representatives, in order to produce history which is fair and nonpartisan; when we see scholarships of sterling worth at the great colleges and universities of the land educating the young people of the Southland, we feel that the old tree is bearing fruit and that the fruit is good.

The motto of the President General has been "*Palma non sine pulvere*," and when the sun of popular favor has for a time shone upon her, and the realization of the honor of the position has been impressed upon her, then has come the dust of the long, long trail, and with it the conviction that there are no palms without dust.

If in leaving this office she could leave with each Daughter an admonition which, above all else, would tend to strengthen and solidify this body of women, it would be: "On bended knee, let each member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy pray to the great God who strengthened the arm of Davis, Lee, and Jackson for battle and for victory, and who upheld them in defeat, that he will so guide the women of this organization that they will in honor prefer one another, and that nothing they do will be done through strife or vain-glory."

With an abiding confidence in the worth of the cause and in the honor and integrity of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the President General bids each one an affectionate farewell.

RUTH LAWTON.

U. D. C. NOTES.

Alabama.—The United Daughters of the Confederacy will be overjoyed to know that through the untiring efforts of one of their most beloved and efficient Past State Presidents, Mrs. C. S. McDowell, Jr., of Eufaula, a bill has been passed by the last legislature appropriating \$5,000 for the erection of a monument at Gettysburg to the memory of those brave Alabamians who perished on that bloody field of battle. The patriotic Daughters of the State have been working for years to accomplish this end, and now their dream has come true.

The U. D. C. organization has on hand a certain amount which has been raised through persistent and continued effort on the part of Chapters throughout the State to add to this in order that a creditable monument may be erected.

* * *

Arkansas.—Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter held its first meeting of the season recently. The program was interesting and instructive. Miss Lee Hallie Burton had charge of the program.

Memorial Chapter, of Little Rock, the mother Chapter of the Division, at its first meeting this fall made plans for assisting the veterans at their reunion. Much business was transacted, and plans were made for the work of the coming year.

Mrs. M. P. Meyers, Third Vice President, Arkansas Division, requests that all children who have written prize essays communicate with her at once.

Louisiana.—The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Louisiana Division was held in Shreveport, October 4-6. A pretty feature of the opening exercises was the presentation to the Division of three flags—the Confederate Stars and Bars, the Louisiana flag, and the flag of the United States. These flags were carried to the platform by three of the early members of the organization—Mrs. Peter Youree, Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, and Mrs. S. A. Pegues, and were received by the Division President, Mrs. L. U. Babin.

The convention was honored by the presence of two general officers—Mrs. J. P. Higgins, Registrar General, and Mrs. Fred C. Kolman, Corresponding Secretary General.

Among the outstanding reports of the convention was that of the marking of the Jefferson Davis Highway through Louisiana and the educational report. All committees and officers reported much work accomplished.

The Memorial Hour on Wednesday was most impressive, Mrs. Penelope Mills presiding. Memorial resolutions on the deaths of Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, organizer of the Louisiana Division, and Miss Mattie McGrath, Past State President, were read.

Amendments to the constitutions were as follows: Changing the name of the Widows' Relief Fund of Louisiana to the Longmire Relief Fund for Confederate Widows; placing an assessment of five cents for the Students' Loan Fund; providing that no Chapter shall have more than one proxy; and an amendment giving Past Presidents a vote in convention.

A beautiful program was carried out on Historical Evening, the chief feature of which was a pageant of twenty pretty girls in costumes of the sixties, who gave the songs of those days. The address of the evening was by former Governor Pleasants on Davis and Lee, and the Cross of Service was presented to Mr. Richard F. Lillard, twice cited for bravery in the World War. A pageant of the sixties presented by members of the organization was the closing feature of the program.

The following officers will serve for the coming year, the first three being reëlections: President, Mrs. L. U. Babin, New Orleans; First Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Ritayik, New Orleans; Second Vice President, Mrs. F. P. Jones, Leesville; Third Vice President, Mrs. A. P. Miller, Baton Rouge; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Carolyn G. North, Tangipahoa; Recording Secretary, Mrs. W. S. McDiarmid, New Orleans; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Donnie Arighi, Baton Rouge; Treasurer, Mrs. Rudolph Krause, Lake Charles; Registrar, Mrs. E. L. Rugg; Historian, Mrs. F. W. Bradt; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. H. Friedrichs; Custodian, Mrs. F. Rice; Organizer, Mrs. P. Mills; Director C. of C., Mrs. H. W. Eckhardt.

Three new Honorary Presidents were added—Mrs. P. J. Friedrichs, Mrs. T. B. Pugh, and Miss Nannie Davis Smith (niece of President Davis).

Of the social features of this convention were a "Get-Together" luncheon, attended by more than a hundred guests and members, on the roof of the beautiful Youree Hotel; an automobile ride through the city and out to Fort Humbug, which is now under the supervision and special care of the Shreveport Chapter. Here, on mounds especially prepared, were sown the poppy seed gathered by the Prince de Polignac from the battle field of Chemin des Dames in France and sent to Shreveport for the occasion. Mrs. Higgins and Mrs. Kolman scattered the seed on one mound with appropriate remarks, while Mrs. Peter Youree, Honorary President, and Mrs. L. U. Babin, President, planted the other mound.

A reception was held in the Josephine Room of the Youree Hotel on Tuesday evening to meet the general officers, the

Past Presidents, Division officers, and officers of the Shreveport Chapter.

Among the many celebrations of the Louisiana Division commemorating the birthday of Admiral Semmes was that at Memorial Hall, New Orleans, on September 27, with a splendid program under the auspices of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter, when many tributes were paid to the memory of the famous Confederate admiral. Mayor O'Keefe spoke on the virtues of the great Confederate naval leader and stated that City Commissioner T. Semmes Wamsley was a grandson of Admiral Semmes.

The Cross of Service was presented to Capt. John Longmire on this occasion, and memorials to four of the Division's past leaders who have passed to the Great Beyond were unveiled—Mrs. J. Pinckney Smith, Honorary President U. D. C., and founder of the Louisiana Division; Miss Doriska Gautreaux, Past President of the Division and prominent also in the general organization; Miss Mattie B. McGrath, Past President of the Division and President of the Henry Watkins Allen Chapter for fifteen years; Mrs. E. C. T. Longmire, President for Life of the Fitzhugh Lee Chapter and founder of the Widows' Relief Fund of Louisiana.

The memorials took the form of practical gifts to the Hall—a solid mahogany library table in the name of Mrs. Smith, bearing her name and honors on a plate set in the end of the table; a handsome mahogany chair, with the U. D. C. insignia carved in the back, being the tribute in the name of Miss Gautreaux; an electric chandelier given in memory of Miss Mattie B. McGrath; and a ceiling fan and light, in the name of Mrs. Longmire—all of which were unveiled with appropriate ceremony and tributes.

Vocal and instrumental selections added much to the entertainment.

* * *

Maryland.—The Bradley T. Johnston Chapter, No. 1940, was formally inaugurated September 24, at the beautiful home of Mrs. James W. Westcott, with an attendance of twelve charter members and others. Mrs. Westcott was elected President.

Activities for the coming year were outlined and plans formulated for carrying out the work. The meeting was then adjourned and a reception and collation were enjoyed by guests and members.

Dalton, the home of Mrs. J. Lawrence Clark, President of Company A, 1st Maryland Cavalry Regiment Chapter, Elliott City, was the setting of a delightfully arranged meeting on September 26. Guests of honor were the Division President, Mrs. Paul Iglehart, Mrs. James W. Westcott, and Miss Sally Washington Maupin. The annual election of officers was carried out.

Mrs. James W. Westcott gave an account of the newly printed U. D. C. seals, and the Chapter purchased two hundred seals. After partaking of refreshments, a unique gift was made to the President, it being a brick procured from the house where Gen. Robert E. Lee signed the surrender of the Confederate forces, Appomattox Courthouse, Va., April 9, 1865.

Upon adjournment to the lawn, where General Lee had frequently stood when guest of the mayor, before and after the War between the States, Mrs. Clark, retiring President, made a graceful ceremony of welcoming her successor in office.

Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, Mrs. Henry J. Berkeley, President, presiding, celebrated September 27, the birthday of Admiral Raphael Semmes. Miss Harriet Marine, Historian, read a splendidly prepared sketch of his career in the Confederate navy.

Delegates to the State convention were elected, and the Chapter voted that monthly meetings be held in future. As chairman of the Seal Committee, Mrs. J. W. Westcott was invited to call attention of Chapter members regarding them. Many seals were disposed of at the meeting.

A report from Mrs. Rieman on the Maryland Room of the Confederate Museum, Richmond, was most interesting. Mrs. Charles Posey was elected as Second Vice President. Mrs. Leo Cohill, President Henry Kyd Douglas Chapter, Hagerstown, arranged to hold a meeting of the Executive Board at her home, Stafford Hall, which preceded a meeting of the Chapter to commemorate the birthday of Admiral Semmes, September 27.

• • •

Missouri.—With the gathering largely attended by members, their families, and Confederate veterans, Hannibal Chapter recently celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Wilson Creek. The affair took the form of a picnic, and a very large crowd gathered in Indian Mound Park for the festivities. Mr. W. H. Luck, of this city, and Mr. J. W. Barton, of Frayford, commanding a brigade of the State Division, were guests of honor. At six o'clock a very elaborate picnic dinner was served, after which Mrs. John J. Conlon, President of Hannibal Chapter, told of the great battle of Wilson Creek, and how each year it is observed by the U. D. C.'s throughout the State. She then introduced the two Confederate veterans to the group, and they were given a great ovation. Mrs. Conlon then presented Miss Helen Harding, whom the Chapter is sponsoring at Culver-Stockton College. Miss Harding, who was an honor pupil while attending Hannibal High School, from which institution she was graduated, talked most interestingly of the fine opportunities provided by Culver-Stockton College. Mrs. Alice Conlon, of Los Angeles, formerly of Hannibal and a member of Hannibal Chapter, and Miss Strange of Seattle, Wash., formerly of Louisiana, were out-of-town guests.

The John S. Marmaduke Chapter held an important meeting on September 15 at the home of Mrs. L. B. Jackson. After the interesting program, a business meeting followed, and Mrs. S. C. Hunt, Mrs. Bernard C. Hunt, and Mrs. Lizzie Morris were elected delegates to attend the U. D. C. Convention in Charleston, S. C., November 15-19.

Mrs. Margaret Sommerville, Mrs. Lizzie Morris, and Miss Annie Burroughs were elected to represent the Chapter at the State Convention, October 18-20, in Richmond, Mo.

Miss Julia Meredith and Mr. Delmar Hall were awarded scholarships in Columbia High School.

The Chapter also gave a luncheon at the Country Club, September 8, in honor of Mrs. B. C. Hunt, State President.

• • •

Ohio.—Mrs. Perry V. Shoe, Mrs. B. B. Mathews and Miss Susan Shoe were the hostesses at the September meeting of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Cincinnati. Luncheon was served, and the principal business enacted consisted of the election of delegates and alternates to the State convention to be held in Cleveland next month. Mrs. Troy W. Appleby and Mrs. Herbert Black were elected as delegates and Mrs. R. W. Lyle and Mrs. E. Nelson High as alternates.

• • •

Virginia.—The thirty-second annual convention of the Virginia Division was held at historic Winchester, with Turner Ashby Chapter as hostess, October 4-7.

The retiring President, Mrs. A. C. Ford, presided. This convention, which was a large one, marked the close of a

year of notable progress for the Division, and one which left it with no debt, with no pledge unredeemed, and with but one piece of unfinished work. Five hundred and ninety-eight new members were received during the year.

The convention unanimously indorsed Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Virginia, for the office of President General, U. D. C., and Mrs. B. A. Blenner for Treasurer General, at the election to be held at Charleston in November.

Mrs. William A. Roberts, of Chase City, was elected to succeed Mrs. Ford as President of the Division. Mrs. Roberts has been active in the work of the Division, having formerly been Historian, and her election was by acclamation.

Other officers elected were: First Vice President, Mrs. J. B. Stanard; Second Vice President, Mrs. John Hopkins; Third Vice President, Miss Frances Jenkins, of Strasburg; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. R. E. King; Recording Secretary, Miss Adella Yowell, of Culpeper; Registrar, Miss Lucy Kurtz, of Winchester; Historian, Mrs. Cabell Flournoy, of Lexington; Treasurer, Mrs. B. C. Phlegar, of Christiansburg; Custodian, Mrs. Charles Selden, of Richmond; Virginia Division Badge, Mrs. Howard Nuckols, of Richmond.

The convention will be held at Alexandria next year.

(Continued on page 438.)

FOR PRESIDENT GENERAL

The West Virginia Division presents the First Vice President General, Mrs. W. E. R. Byrne, for the office of President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Byrne has rendered distinguished service in the work of the organization as Chapter President, Division President, and as Corresponding Secretary General, 1919 and 1920. In 1922 she was elected Recording Secretary General, but was



MRS. W. E. R. BYRNE.

prevented from serving throughout the term by an acute illness. At Hot Springs she was elected, without opposition, to the office of First Vice President General, and at Richmond she was unanimously reelected.

For five years Mrs. Byrne served as Division President, and she is now Honorary President of her Division. During her term as President she was distinguished for her fairness and impartiality, and as well for her ability as a presiding officer and parliamentarian.

As Registrar, for twenty years, of the Colonial Dames of West Virginia, she has preserved priceless records of the early history of our country. The Church also has claimed her time and talents, and she has discharged the duties of many offices in the auxiliaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., with ability and dispatch.

The West Virginia Division indorsed her for the office of President General in 1924, but as soon as she learned that South Carolina and Virginia had presented Mrs. Lawton, she withdrew, assuring her Division of her appreciation, but requesting undivided support for her friend and coworker.

The Division requests the votes and the influence of all friends in the organization in support of this Daughter, whom it delights to honor.

MRS. B. M. HOOVER,
President West Virginia Division, U. D. C.

Historical Department, U. D. C.

MOTTO: "Loyalty to the truth of Confederate History."

KEY WORD: "Preparedness." FLOWER: The Rose.

MRS. JOHN L. WOODBURY, *Historian General*.

HISTORICAL STUDY FOR 1927.

GENERAL TOPIC: THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES

U. D. C. Program for November.

TENNESSEE SECEDED JUNE 8, 1861.

In the Confederate Congresses, Tennessee was represented by the following citizens. In giving the list of names, the letter "P" following stands for Provisional Congress, the figures for First and Second Congresses.

Senators.—Landon C. Haynes (1, 2); Gustavus A. Henry (1, 2).

Representatives.—Robert L. Caruthers (P); Thomas M. Jones (1); J. H. Thomas (P); John F. House (P); John D. C. Atkins (P, 1, 2); David M. Currin (P, 1, 2); W. H. DeWitt (P); Henry S. Foote (1, 2); Thomas Meneses (1, 2); George W. Jones (1); William G. Swan (1, 2); William H. Tibbs (1); E. L. Gardenhire (1); John V. Wright (1, 2); Joseph B. Heiskell (1, 2); Meredith P. Gentry (1); Arthur S. Colyar (2); John P. Murray (2); Edwin A. Keeble (2); James McCallum (2); Michael W. Clusky (2).

C. OF C. Program for November.

Trace operations of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest before and after the battle of Murfreesboro. What new use of cavalry did Forrest and Morgan employ?

Read "Li'l Feller wid His Mammy's Eyes," by Frank L. Stanton. Library of Southern Literature, Volume XI, 5074.

C. OF C. CATECHISM.

Who was considered the greatest cavalry and artillery commander who was not educated at West Point?

General Nathan Bedford Forrest, called "The Wizard of the Saddle."

Name some other great cavalry commanders?

Gen. John Hunt Morgan, of Kentucky, and General Mosby, of Virginia, were two of the most famous.

Why?

Because they led independent commands, often making the most daring raids into enemy territory.

Who was called the "Plumed Knight" and noted for his daring and gallantry?

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, of Virginia.

Who was the youngest brigadier general?

Gen. Felix H. Robertson, of Texas. He was a cadet at West Point, resigned to volunteer in the Confederate army at the age of eighteen; fought with Hood's Texas Brigade, and was commissioned brigadier general at the age of twenty-two.

What great general was called "General Lee's Right Arm"?

Gen. Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall).

How did he get his soubriquet?

At first Manassas, in a close engagement there was some confusion, when Gen. Barnard E. Bee (Texas), to rally his men, called out: "Look! See Jackson's men standing there like a stone wall."

When did Stonewall Jackson die, and how is he ranked as a strategist?

General Jackson was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and died some days later. Foreign countries have sent military experts to study what is known as the Valley Campaign. He is considered one of the military geniuses of the world.

Of whom was it said, "Three commonwealths claim him?"

General Albert Sydney Johnston, who was killed at the battle of Shiloh.

When did the Daughters of the Confederacy organize?

On September 10, 1894, at Nashville, Tenn.

For what purpose did they organize?

To preserve the true history of the Confederacy and keep in sacred memory the brave deeds of the men of the South, their devotion to their country and to the cause of right, with no bitterness toward the government of the United States, under which we now live.

What other purposes have the Daughters of the Confederacy?

To teach their children from generation to generation that there was no stain upon the action of their forefathers in the War between the States and the women of the South who nobly sustained them in that struggle, and will ever feel that their deathless deeds of valor are a precious heritage to be treasured for all time to come.

For what was the army of the South particularly noted?

For its great commanders—great as soldiers and great as men of stainless character—and for the loyalty of the men in the ranks, who were dauntless in courage, "the bravest of the brave," ever ready to rush into the "jaws of death" at the command of their great leaders.

What did a noted Englishman say of the Confederate States of America, in a letter to General Lee?

"No nation ever rose so pure or fell so free from stain."

Confederated Southern Memorial Association

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,.....	<i>President General</i>
209 Fourteenth Street, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.	
MRS. C. B. BRYAN,.....	<i>First Vice President General</i>
1640 Pea ody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.	
MISS SUE H. WALKER,.....	<i>Second Vice President General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
Mrs. J. T. Hight,.....	<i>Treasurer General</i>
Fayetteville, Ark.	
MISS DAISY M. L. HODGSON,.....	<i>Recording Secretary General</i>
7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.	
MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD,.....	<i>Historian General</i>
Athens, Ga.	
MRS. BRYAN W. COLLIER,.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary General</i>
College Park, Ga.	
MRS. VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE,.....	<i>Poet Laureate General</i>
653 South McLean Boulevard, Memphis, Tenn.	
MRS. BELLE ALLEN ROSS,.....	<i>Auditor General</i>
Montgomery, Ala.	
REV. GILES B. COOKE,.....	<i>Chaplain General</i>
Mathews, Va.	
MRS. L. T. D. QUIMBY,.....	<i>National Organizer</i>
Atlanta, Ga.	



STATE PRESIDENTS

ALABAMA—Montgomery.....	Mrs. R. P. Dexter
ARKANSAS—Fayetteville.....	Mrs. J. Garside Welch
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Washington.....	Mrs. N. P. Webster
FLORIDA—Gainesville.....	Mrs. Townes R. Leigh
GEORGIA—Atlanta.....	Mrs. William A. Wright
KENTUCKY—Bowling Green.....	Miss Jeanne D. Blackburn
LOUISIANA—New Orleans.....	Mrs. James Dinkins
Maryland.....	Mrs. D. H. Fred
MISSISSIPPI—Greenwood.....	Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough
MISSOURI—St. Louis.....	Mrs. G. K. Warner
NORTH CAROLINA—Asheville.....	Mrs. J. J. Yates
OKLAHOMA—Oklahoma City.....	Mrs. James R. Armstrong
SOUTH CAROLINA.....	
TENNESSEE—Memphis.....	Mrs. Mary H. Miller
TEXAS—Dallas.....	Mrs. S. M. Fields
VIRGINIA—Richmond.....	Mrs. B. A. Blenner
WEST VIRGINIA—Huntington.....	

All communications for this Department should be sent direct to MRS. MARY FORREST BRADLEY, Editor, 2043 Cowden Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

PLANNING FOR 1928.

My Dear Coworkers: A wonderful lesson of preparedness comes to us in the announcement of Edwin R. Wiles, General Chairman of the Reunion Committee of the Little Rock reunion in the fact that he has given to the public already, eight months in advance, a full roster of all chairmen and committees, who are already working and will continue to perfect every detail until the time arrives to throw open wide the gates of the "City of Roses" in welcome to the gathering heroes in gray. Time and forethought in planning insures coöperation and prevents confusion and distressing disappointments. May we not each one take this illuminating example and profit by it in planning our year's work? All will feel a keen interest in knowing that the ballroom of the Marion Hotel will be used for our opening or welcome meeting and the banquet hall for the regular meetings. The Marion Hotel is to be the headquarters for the reunion. A banner is to be presented to the delegation having the largest representation, and it is hoped that this fact will inspire all to strive to win the trophy. Let us work as we have never worked before, not for ourselves, but for the cause which we hold sacred and inviolate, in memory of the saintly grace of the one who reigned in our homes and ruled and directed our lives—of her who bore the precious name of mother.

Our work is our heritage from her, and let us gather in our meetings, ever bearing in mind not the honoring of ourselves, but carrying on in the spirit which "Mother" would have us, in loving service and undying loyalty to the cause for which she suffered and which she bequeathed to us.

THE NEW ASSOCIATION OF LITTLE ROCK.

Our heartiest congratulations to the women of Little Rock and to Mrs. John F. Weinman in the organization of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Little Rock. At the call of Mrs. Weinman, fifteen ladies met with Mrs. John R. Wassell, perfected organization, and elected the following officers:

Honorary President, Mrs. Samuel Preston Davis; President, Mrs. John F. Weinman; First Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Steele; Second Vice President, Mrs. D. F. S. Galloway; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John R. Wassell; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Fred S. Stewart; Treasurer, Mrs. Bruce Ellis; Historian, Mrs. Sam M. Wassell; Parliamentarian, Mrs. C. C. Woodward.

It is the privilege of the writer to know all of these splendid

women personally, and each one has proved ability along many lines of work, which insures an association of exceptional ability. Already plans have been made for a membership drive, setting the figure at one hundred before January 11, and insuring all plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A. being carried out with precision as to detail. Delightful anticipations of the cordial coöperation of the new Association in all plans for the convention of the C. S. M. A., the mothers of the Confederacy, may well be yours, for these women, loyal to every call that comes in the name of the mothers of the Southland, will meet most affectionate surprise.

Our Historian General, Mrs. Rutherford, continues ill, but somewhat improved. The change in her condition will be gratifying to her many friends all over the South, who love and honor her.

A recent letter from our Chaplain General, Giles B. Cooke, brings the most gratifying news of his great improvement in health, and the hope of being in his usual place at the convention, when his absence is always keenly felt and regretted.

Your President General has enjoyed a two weeks' motor trip through Florida in October, as the guest of her relation, Mrs. T. W. Steele, of Little Rock, and returned home with pleasant memories of beautiful drives and happy meetings with friends in the Land of Flowers, with the added inspiration and pleasure of having had a real holiday for relaxation and enjoyment.

An invitation to be a guest of honor at the Georgia State convention, which meets in Covington, October 15, is appreciated and pleasantly anticipated.

Your letters are always a pleasure, so write when the spirit moves you.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

MRS. A. McD. WILSON,
President General, C. S. M. A.

C. S. M. A. NOTES.

Mrs. S. M. Fields, State President for Texas C. S. M. A., presented pictures of General Lee and Jackson to the American History Class of the North Dallas High School and made an interesting address on the historical background of these pictures.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL AT POINT CLEAR, ALA.

BY MRS. T. P. NORVILLE, PRESIDENT.

The Eastern Shore Confederate Memorial Association was organized at "Norvillia," Battle's Wharf, Baldwin County, Ala., on September 21, 1923. Its purpose was to mark the resting place of the soldiers from North and South Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, who died at the base hospital, Point Clear Hotel, Baldwin County, 1861-1864.

In 1923 our research committee sought the assistance of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to get the names of those soldiers who were buried at Point Clear Cemetery. After much work we were rewarded by securing many names. This Confederate graveyard of seven acres was donated to the Confederate cause by Col. Charles E. Ketchum, of Mobile. This cemetery has been reclaimed by the Association, and a handsome concrete inclosure is erected to the long-forgotten Confederate soldiers' memory. On April 29, 1927, at Point Clear Confederate Graveyard, dedicatory services were held. It was the first time that the Confederate flag waved over their patriotic remains, the first time that any ceremonial of any kind was read, or taps ever sounded over their resting place. Dr. Plummer made the invocation, cedar wreaths were placed by the school children, there was music by the local band, and the assembly sang hymns to its accompaniment. Hon. Sam Jenkins, of Bay Minette, made the dedicatory address. Members of Raphael Semmes Camp, No. 11, U. C. V., of Mobile, were the guests of honor, under command of T. E. Spotswood.

When the government abandoned Fort Morgan a few years ago, the organizer of the Eastern Shore Confederate Memorial Association appealed to Secretary of War, Hon. John Weeks, for the old Confederate cannon used at the battle of Mobile Bay. The request was granted. The cannon were placed in the center of the inclosure, while two pyramids of cannon ball and two mortars make the decoration for the four corners. Fort Morgan is built on the site of the old wooden Fort Bowdyden. In 1833, Fort Morgan was erected, and so well was it built that the masonry at the present day, despite the flight of years and the bombardment of the battle of Mobile Bay, is in a remarkable state of preservation.

To many of our readers who will not see our Point Clear Confederate Memorial, a word picture will help to visualize the environment. At the entrance of Mobile Bay, on the East side, is Fort Morgan; sixteen miles south is Point Clear, known during the sixties as the "Saratoga of the South," when "Cotton was King." The battle of Mobile Bay was fought on August 5, 1864, a bright sunny morning. About eight o'clock the Federal fleet, led by Admiral Farragut steamed past Fort Morgan, and three monitors were placed between the wooden ships and Fort Morgan. This formidable fleet was opposed, in addition to Fort Morgan, by the ram Tennessee, Admiral Buchanan, commander, and his fleet of gunboats, the Morgan, the Gaines, the Florida, and two others. The cannonading during this engagement lasted for several hours, and was terrific. The Monitor Tecumseh was sunk by a Confederate torpedo abreast Fort Morgan, Captain Craven, commander. Only three survived.

Many years afterwards the government planned to sell the wreck. A petition from the relatives of the men lost on the Tecumseh asked the government not to allow the vessel to be disturbed, but to let it remain forever as the resting place for those who died down in her. Farragut's fleet passed Fort Morgan, captured the Tennessee, dispersed other vessels of Admiral Buchanan, and steamed up the bay, anchoring four

miles north of Fort Morgan. The fleet never at any time went farther up the bay, because the draught of the vessels would not permit. Later thousands of Federal troops were landed at Navy Cove, about four miles east of Fort Morgan, under command of General Granger. These troops captured Fort Blakely and Spanish Fort on the Gensas and Blakely River. In this severe engagement many Confederates fell. Small vessels, known as the Gin fleet, from Farragut's fleet cruised over Mobile Bay, capturing everything in sight. These were the marines and army regulars. Their march of conquest was not marked by the cruelty of Wilson's raiders marching through Selma and Cahaba, Ala., which was one of fire, pillage, desolation, and inhumanity, even to entering private homes and descending to the inhuman act of tearing rings from the fingers of the Southern women. Our family suffered from this barbarity. "To the victor belongs the spoils;" but there is a limit to vandalism.

THE STONE MOUNTAIN MEDAL.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Seattle, met with the John B. Gordon Camp of Confederate Veterans at the home of Mrs. H. O. Calohan on June 16, the occasion being in honor of Commander Dodge, of the Camp, who was presented the Stone Mountain medal through Mrs. May Avery Wilkins, President of the State Division, U. D. C. This tribute on the part of the Lee Chapter shows that the name of D. F. Dodge has been inscribed on the honor roll of living veterans which is to be placed in Memorial Hall of the Stone Mountain Memorial. Commander Dodge, now eighty-seven years old, served with the 7th Tennessee Cavalry under Forrest, and took part on the famous engagements at Fort Pillow and Brice's Crossroads.

WHOSE FLAG WAS THIS?—An interesting communication comes from George V. Bennett, 208 Court Street, Plymouth, Mass., in regard to an old flag which was given to his family many years ago by a neighbor, whose son took it home from the war in the South. The banner is of green silk, on which is painted the figure of a man in coat of mail and gold helmet, surmounted by an eagle. One arm is extended, supporting a shield, while the other arm is raised, holding a spear. The two sides are similar, and though the banner is in a tattered condition, the word "Georgia" can be made out, and "Irish Jasper Greens." The shamrock is painted into the design in several places. Anyone who can give any information about the old flag is asked to communicate with Mr. Bennett, who is anxious to return it to those who would most appreciate it.

IN SYMPATHY.—Mrs. Carl McMahon, of Livingston, Ala., well known to VETERAN readers by her valuable contributions to its columns, has sustained a bereavement in the death of her husband. In April they celebrated their golden wedding anniversary at their old colonial home in Livingston, which was made the occasion for the home-coming of their children, and many golden gifts were made them in honor of the day. Mr. McMahon was ill only a few days when he "fell on sleep," and he was laid to rest in the family burying ground at Gainesville, Ala.—Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Victoria, Tex.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

SUMTER L. LOWRY, COMMANDER IN CHIEF, TAMPA, FLA.

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JOHN M. KINARD, Newberry, S. C. *Inspector in Chief*
ROBERT M. BEATTIE, Memphis, Tenn. *Judge Advocate in Chief*
DR. B. W. LOWRY, Tampa, Fla. *Surgeon in Chief*
W. D. JACKSON, Little Rock, Ark. *Quartermaster in Chief*
MAJ. E. W. R. EWING, Washington, D. C. *Historian in Chief*
Y. R. BEASLEY, Tampa, Fla. *Commissionary in Chief*
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All communications for this department should be sent direct to J. R. Price, Editor, 419-20 Giddens-Lane Building, Shreveport, La.

ACTIVITIES OF THE S. C. V.

COMMITTEES FOR LITTLE ROCK REUNION.

The complete personnel of the organization which will make arrangements for and have direct charge of the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans and allied organizations in Little Rock, May 8-11, 1928, is announced by Edmund R. Wiles, General Chairman for the reunion, and Gordon N. Peay, Treasurer.

The organization comprises thirty-one committees, all of which have formally organized and have started work. Doubtless this is the first time in the history of Confederate reunions that it has been possible to announce the completion of all committees eight months in advance of a reunion.

It is also the first time that a State, by resolution of its legislature, has invited the veterans to hold their reunion within its borders; and the first time a legislature has appropriated any amount to be used for entertaining the old soldiers. The Arkansas legislature, at its last session, passed a bill appropriating \$30,000 to be used in caring for the veterans at the reunion. The money is to be paid from the pension fund after all pensioners have been paid the maximum pension provided under the law.

The committees were announced as follows:

State Disbursing Board.—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; Gen. M. D. Vance, Mrs. George Hughes, Lee Gazort, Mrs. George B. Gill.

Distinguished Guests Reception Committee.—Governor Martineau, chairman; Mayor Moyer, Mayor R. L. Lawhon (of North Little Rock), Chief Justice J. C. Hart, Senator Joe T. Robinson, Senator T. H. Caraway, Lieutenant Governor Parnell, Speaker Reece A. Caudle, Congressmen W. J. Driver, John Tillman, Otis J. Wingo, Heartsill Ragon, James Reed, Tillman B. Parks, W. A. Oldfield, George W. Donaghey, Charles Brough, Thomas C. McRae, Tom J. Terral.

Executive Committee.—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; D. L. Carter, A. J. Wilson, J. R. Riley, Jr., Sam M. Wassell, R. G. McDaniel, J. S. Utley.

Finance Board.—Charles M. Connor, chairman; Judge C.

P. Newton, C. C. Kavanaugh, Grady H. Forgy, C. H. Moses, Loid Rainwater, Louis Altheimer.

S. C. V. Committee.—Maj. Grady H. Forgy, chairman; Hal. L. Norwood, R. D. Hill, W. Lee Cozart, D. W. Green, R. W. Rogers, F. P. Harris, R. G. McDaniel, Judge Marvin Harris.

Confederate Southern Memorial Association Committee.—Mrs. J. H. Weinmann, chairman.

Reservation and Housing Committee.—W. S. Daniel, chairman; Florance Donahue, Capt. B. L. Maloney.

Reception Committee.—H. S. Spivey, chairman.

Commissionary Committee.—Charles E. Caple, chairman; C. C. Ball, Roy Bilheimer, C. R. Barham, L. V. Casey, F. D. Chipman, Henry Thomas, J. D. Reed.

Transportation Committee.—W. D. Jackson, chairman; C. A. Hale, W. J. Winn, Neal Clayton, B. C. Malcolm, Fred Fennell, J. H. Stewart.

U. D. C. Committee.—Mrs. John E. Martineau, honorary chairman; Mrs. George Hughes, chairman.

Registration and Badges.—George Wyman, chairman; Tom Newton, Farrer Newberry.

Program and Souvenir Committee.—Dr. Morgan Smith, chairman; Sid Brooks, Virgil Pettie.

Public Health Committee.—Dr. C. W. Garrison, chairman; Dr. J. A. Summers, Dr. Austin Barr, Dr. V. T. Webb, V. L. Thompson.

Music Committee.—J. Curran Conway, chairman; J. A. Welch, R. L. Whaley.

Entertainment Committee.—W. N. Brandon, chairman; Mrs. C. H. Brough, R. D. Lee, W. P. Gulley, Charles T. Evans, Charlie Dick, Mrs. T. J. Newman.

Budget Committee.—A. E. Dobyns, chairman; H. B. Chrisp, R. V. Inman.

Auditor.—W. P. Grace, chairman.

Boy Scout Committee.—H. C. Tinney, chairman.

Camp Fire Girls Committee.—Mrs. C. Tinney, chairman; Mrs. W. M. McRae, Mrs. Jack Weas.

Information Bureau.—W. S. McCall, chairman; V. G. Hinton, C. L. Davis, Miss Emma Riley.



Medical Committee.—Dr. Austin Barr, chairman.

Military Affairs.—Adj. Gen. Joe S. Harris, chairman.

Publicity Committee.—Fletcher Chenaunt, chairman.

Safety Council.—B. C. Hotenberry, chairman; Henry Iilliard, J. M. Hancey, R. W. Newell, James Keith.

School and Education.—J. A. Larson, chairman.

Speakers' Bureau.—Walter J. Rainey, chairman.

Grand Marshal.—J. Carroll Cone.

Fair Park Concessions.—E. G. Bylander, chairman.

Decorations and Pageants.—Roy Bell, chairman.

Escort Committee.—Mrs. Porter Grace, chairman.

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.

John A. Lee, Commander of the Central Division, S. C. V., made an address before a meeting of Camp Robert E. Lee, of Chicago, with the United Daughters of the Confederacy as guests, September 27, 1927, on the subject of Admiral Raphael Semmes. He told that the Confederate Admiral was not only a great international and maritime lawyer, but he was a linguist and an accomplished writer. He calls a spade by that name, however, and unless one appreciates a candid treatment of subjects, they might occasionally be shocked a little. But he was a gentleman and a Christian and used and tolerated no profanity or abusive language. The following points from the address will be appreciated:

"A great part of the success of the Alabama, commanded by Admiral Semmes, was attributable to the accurate and sound knowledge of maritime law possessed by him, which enabled him to inform and convince the officers of the ports visited as to his legal status and rights.

"Admiral Semmes in all his career never took the life of any of his more than two thousand prisoners. His commission was signed by the Confederate government, which was duly recognized as a government *de facto* by England, France, Germany, and several other nations. His vessels were not privateers, which means war vessels fitted out by private capital. They were bought and paid for by the Confederate States government. He was not a pirate, as Mr. Gideon Wells and Mr. Summer charged, as his warfare was only against the vessels of the enemies of his government to embarrass their commerce."

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

First Brigade Commander, M. J. Glass, Tulsa; Second Brigade Commander, Joe H. Ford, Wagoner; Third Brigade Commander, H. F. Bramlett, Wilburton; Fourth Brigade Commander, W. S. Livingston, Seminole; Fifth Brigade Commander, John P. Harris, Oklahoma City; Sixth Brigade Commander, L. A. Norton, Duncan.

FLORIDA EVENTS.

The annual State reunion of the Confederate veterans and Sons of Confederate Veterans, of Florida, held at Marianna, September 27-29, was doubtless the greatest reunion of these two bodies ever held. Over five thousand people were in attendance from Florida, Georgia, and Alabama. The entertainment offered by the good people of Marianna was superb, the city was beautifully decorated, three fine bands were in attendance all through the reunion, and there was private and public entertainment for the veterans and Sons every day and night during the three-day session. The occasion was especially interesting on account of the return, by the Toledo, Ohio, Post, G. A. R., of the flag of the 6th Florida Regiment, captured during the war, to the keeping of the State of Florida and the Confederate veterans.

Another occasion of interest was the unveiling of the Robert E. Lee Marker, at Bradfordville, near Tallahassee, on ground

donated by the historic Epps family, the present owner being the great-great-grandson of Thomas Jefferson. This beautiful marker is on the Dixie Highway, and is the third marker erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy in memory of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The address was delivered by Sumter L. Lowry, Commander in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, and was responded to by the Hon. Fons Hathway in behalf of the State of Florida, which has taken over the care and maintenance of this historic spot. A very large crowd was in attendance from all over Florida, Georgia, and Alabama, and the occasion will be long remembered as a red-letter day for the Daughters of the Confederacy of Florida, who are doing so much to uphold the historic ideals of the Old South.

HONORING STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRANDSON.

The Central Division of the S. C. V. held an informal reception at the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, on October 11, in honor of Maj. T. J. Jackson Christian, grandson of the great military leader of the South. Major Christian is now at the head of the Department of Military Science and Tactics of the University of Chicago, and has become a member of the Robert E. Lee Camp, S. C. V., of that city. Confederate veterans, Daughters and Sons, and friends of these organizations were invited to meet him and give him welcome to the great city of his adoption. Commander John A. Lee introduced Major Christian to the assemblage and gave an interesting outline of his grandfather's career, to which Major Christian made appropriate response.

YOUNGEST OF BRIGADIERS.

BY PROF. H. Y. WEISSINGER, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The only surviving general officer of the Confederate army is Gen. Felix H. Robertson, now living at Waco, Tex. He was captain of a battery of artillery attached to Deas's Brigade of Infantry, composed of Alabama troops, and this battery was the brigade's faithful companion and help, ever present in the hour of danger. At Farmington, near Corinth, Miss., on an afternoon of 1862, the Federal cavalry made a furious charge against Robertson's Battery. As they advanced in gallant style, the brave captain cried, "Double-shot your guns, men," and the attackers hastily withdrew.

On another well-remembered occasion, the late afternoon of December 30, 1862, the day preceding Mrfreesboro's fateful field, the Federal infantry advanced in heavy force, hunting for the Confederates. They first found our skirmishers, the battalion of sharpshooters belonging to Deas's Brigade, commanded by Capt. Ben Yancey; next, they found Robertson's artillery, supported by a part of the brigade; then came a heavy rattle of rifles, accompanied by a loud resounding salvo of cannon, a sharp though short encounter, and the Federals withdrew. It was a "feeler."

The next day, in the tremendous battle, Captain Robertson and his brave cannoners were there. On all occasions, in every emergency, Robertson did his heroic part. So, as the war advanced, his valor and services were recognized, and he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general and assigned to a command of cavalry.

Gen. Felix Robertson is now an old veteran of the Confederacy, one who performed well his heroic part in war, set an example of post-war loyalty in his honorable life, ever obedient to the laws of his country.

It gives me great satisfaction and pleasure to testify to duty well performed, to the valor and heroism of Gen. Felix Robertson. May God continue with him and bless him to the end!

TENNESSEE IN CONFEDERATE CONGRESSES.

(Continued from page 424.)

Joseph B. Heiskell was born at Knoxville, Tenn., November 8, 1823. He was graduated at the University of East Tennessee in 1840, and after admission to the bar practiced at Madisonville and at Rogersville. He was elected to the State senate in 1858, and in the fall of 1861 he was elected to the Confederate Congress and served throughout the existence of the government. In August, 1864, during the attack of a Federal expedition on Rogersville, he was captured, as was the Hon. Albert G. Watkins, an ex-member of Congress, and Gov. Andrew Johnson, anxious for their safekeeping, telegraphed General Sherman: "They are bad men, and exercise a dangerous and deleterious influence in the country and deserve as many deaths as can be inflicted upon them." Subsequently Mr. Heiskell suffered for his fidelity to the South by imprisonment at Knoxville, Chattanooga, and Nashville for several months, at Louisville, Ky., for a short time, and at Camp Chase, Ohio, until the war ended. He made his home at Memphis in 1865. His public service after the war was as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1870, in which he was chairman of the judiciary committee, and as attorney general and reporter of the State for term of eight years.

Robert Looney Caruthers was born in Smith County, Tenn., July 31, 1800. His education was begun in the country schools, then at Columbia, and finished at Washington College, East Tennessee. He read law with Judge Samuel Powell, at Greenville, began to practice at Carthage, but soon moved to Lebanon.

From 1823 till 1854 he was prominently identified with the State legislature, serving as clerk of the Lower House in 1823. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, and in 1841 he succeeded John Bell in Congress. He was elector for the State at large on the Whig ticket. Appointed by Gov. William B. Campbell to the Supreme Bench following the resignation of Nathan Green, the legislature elected him to the same office in 1853, and the people elected him in 1854. He remained on the Supreme Bench until the court was suspended as a result of the war. He was a delegate to the Peace Congress of 1861, and a member of the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States. When the third term of Gov. Isham G. Harris expired in 1863, Judge Caruthers was elected to succeed him, but was never inaugurated.

In addition to all these civil positions, he had held, in 1834, the office of brigadier general of militia.

He was the first president of the Board of Trustees of Cumberland University (Lebanon). His character was marked by extraordinary purity, and his piety, temperance, and intelligence made him a man of many splendid traits. He ranked high as a jurist and as a great advocate of Tennessee. He died in Lebanon, October, 1882.

A LOYAL SON.—In the VETERAN for January appeared an article about the return of a flag to the survivors of Mosby's command through Mr. Hugh Dorsey, son of Lieutenant Dorsey, one of Mosby's men, who had for so many years cherished this memento of his service for the Confederacy. A late communication from the daughter of Mr. Hugh Dorsey tells of the passing of her father some two months after the return of the flag, January 8, 1927, in Washington, D. C. He lived for many years in Lynchburg, Va., Washington, and New York City.

U. D. C. NOTES.

(Continued from page 433.)

West Virginia.—The twenty-ninth annual convention of the West Virginia Division, held in Hinton, on September 27-29, will go down in the annals of our history as one of the best conventions ever held. The people of Hinton, in true Southern style, opened to us their homes and hearts, and their wonderful hospitality can never be surpassed.

After the opening meeting on Tuesday evening, September 27, Mrs. W. T. Fredekling entertained the entire delegation with a brilliant reception at her beautiful and spacious home.

Wednesday and Thursday were taken up with the regular routine work of the convention. One special work the Division voted to undertake is to rehabilitate the Lee Tree located on Sewall Mountain. This tree stands not far from the Midland Trail, and after the tree is rehabilitated, an iron fence will be put around it, a hard-surfaced road built to it, and a shrine made of it for the traveling public to visit at any time. General Lee spent quite a good deal of time under this tree during the time he was in this section, and there he first saw Traveller, who was born in what is now Greenbrier County, a fact the State is very proud of.

On Historical Evening, a most interesting and instructive address was given by Hon. Samuel Price, of Lewisburg, on "The War in Southwest Virginia, and a special feature of the program was a vocal solo, "We're Old-Time Confederates," sung by Mary Avis Hinton Conner, a little girl of six years, dressed in costume of the sixties.

At the conclusion of the business of the convention on Thursday afternoon, the delegates, visitors, and hostesses were taken for a drive over the West Virginia hills, the beauty of which cannot be surpassed. A sumptuous banquet concluded the convention entertainments.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. B. M. Hoover, Elkins; First Vice President, Miss Ethel Hinton, Hinton; Second Vice President, Miss Sallie Lee Powell, Shepherdstown; Recording Secretary, Miss Anna Stephenson, Parkersburg; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anna Warwick Feamster, Alderson; Treasurer, Miss Mary Calvert Stribling, Martinsburg; Historian, Mrs. Rudd T. Neel, Huntington; Registrar, Mrs. Nelle Huneke, Charleston; Director Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. J. J. Snoderly, Fairmont; Custodian Crosses of Honor and Service, Miss Maria Vass Frye, Keyser.

BRAVE UNDER MISFORTUNE.—During September, B. F. Mulholland, who served in Company I, 6th Mississippi Infantry, was badly injured in a motor accident, which necessitated the amputation of both legs. Just two days before this accident occurred, he lost his home by fire, on his eighty-first birthday. Despite this terrible shock and loss, he is cheerful and hopeful of recovery. He is a member of Rankin Camp, U. C. V., at Brandon, Miss., and no better soldier surrendered at Greensboro, N. C. He is as brave now in his suffering and loss as in those days of war.—*Pat Henry, Brandon, Miss.*

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under the title of Trustees of the Confederate Veteran, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of the Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds or mortgages are issued by the company.

A LARGE PART.

With about 6 per cent of the world's area and between 6 and 7 per cent of the world's population, we are in many lines of industry doing from 50 to 60 per cent of the world's trade, and in some cases much more.

The United States has 88 per cent of the total number of motor vehicles in the world. The South alone has 1,200,000 more automobiles than all the rest of the world, outside of the United States; and this section has 1,200,000 automobiles more than the United States had as late as 1915.

At the present time the United States has about 47 per cent of the world's gold reserves, and about 52 per cent of the world's savings bank deposits.

This country is producing:

- 55 per cent of the world's iron ore.
- 51 per cent of the world's pig iron.
- 66 per cent of the world's steel.
- 51 per cent of the world's copper.
- 62 per cent of the world's petroleum.
- 43 per cent of the world's coal.
- 52 per cent of the world's timber output.
- 65 per cent of the world's naval stores.
- 42 per cent of the world's phosphate.
- 80 per cent of the world's sulphur.
- 63 per cent of the world's mica.
- 62 per cent of the world's lead.
- 64 per cent of the world's zinc.
- 60 per cent of the world's talc and soapstone.

45 per cent of the world's barytes.

53 per cent of the world's cotton.

We have nearly 34 per cent of the world's railroad mileage, or 251,437 miles as compared with 741,175 for the whole world.—*Manufacturers Record.*

WAR LETTERS.

Patriotic envelopes used by soldiers during 1861 to 1865 with pictures of flags, emblems, portraits, also verses or any peculiar features are valuable. Send me all you have for inspection. I will make you an attractive offer for them.

GEORGE HAKES,

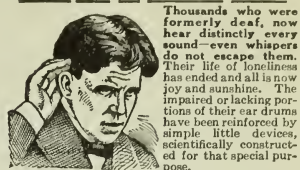
290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Capt. Lewis Bedell, of Milano, Tex., is trying to secure a pension, and would appreciate hearing from any old comrades who can testify to his service. He served with a company commanded by Captain Ashby, 2nd Virginia Cavalry; his family lived near Culpeper, Va., prior to the war, and during the war, near Cedar Mountain. Judge Jeff T. Kemp, of Cameron, Tex., is interested in helping to get him a pension.

L. W. Stephens, of Couthatta, La., secured sixteen new subscribers to the VETERAN within a very short while by special effort, and all but two of them were sons of veterans. This shows how the VETERAN's list can be built up. Comrade Stephens thinks the Sons will be responsive everywhere if called upon.

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Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are restoring perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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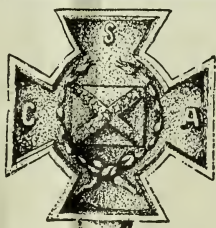
THE REMEDY.

Some folks say de world am changin'
From de way it use to be,
Lots of diff'rent 'pinions rangin'
Round amongst de folks we see.
Some folks say dey get moah pleasuah
Out ob life—and some moah weah;
But ole Time ain't changed de measuah
Folks was weighed in long ago!
Course dey ain't no use deyin'
Dat de world seems buzzni' roun'
Fashah all de time am flyin'
So ouah feet mos' leab de groun';
But it changed jess' mighty little
Since de days when Adam came,
And de folks ain't changed a tittle,
It's de ways dat ain't de same.
What dis world ob folks am needin'
In de linin' ob dey hearts
Is a coat ob Love a feedin'
Sunshine to de blackes' parts
Nothin's wrong dat can't be righted,
"Seek" de Scriptuah says, "an' find.
Fields would bloom dat now seem
blighted,
If de world would jus' be kind.
—Edward G. Hill.

BABIES COMMEMORATE FLOOD. The Mississippi flood did not curtail the activities of the stork, and negro families in Red Cross camps now boast of such new arrivals as "Overflow Johnson," "Highwater Jackson," "Refugee Jones, and the like.—*Exchange.*



"Lest
We
Forget"



These cuts show both sides of our Marker for Confederate Graves. It is made from the best grade of iron, weighs 20 pounds, measures 15x30 inches, painted black or gray, and approved by the General Organization, U. D. C.

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